

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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MOVING PICTURES AND THE DEAF

By ALICE T. TERRY



SCENE FROM "A DOG'S LIFE." REDMOND ORDERING CHAPLIN OUT OF THE DANCE HALL

 HAVE often thought of writing on Moving Pictures, and one would think that I should do so considering that I live in Hollywood, California, the centre of the film industry of the world. Some months ago *The Literary Digest* had a lengthy article dealing with movies and movie life in this locality. But that was not a complete picture. Nor can I make this article such. I will write on moving pictures chiefly as it relates to the deaf.

To begin, suppose you come and take a walk with me. Leaving our house, we go north for half a block, immediately before us is the dark blue mountain wall whose generous slope affords

the desired picturesque setting for homes of various sizes, shapes, and colors—the most conspicuous being, of course, the white ones with the red roofs. Then we turn east on Sunset Boulevard which since the advent of the film industry here has become one of the famous thoroughfares of the world. On either side of this broad avenue, extending east and west for miles, are located a dozen of the largest film studios. Sunset Boulevard is famous also for its citrus groves, its great old pepper trees, its beautiful homes and one of the finest High Schools in the State. Just a little way from here higher up the slope is a great white mansion which until recently was the home of Douglas Fairbanks.

The air is pregnant with the perfume of orange blossoms, lemon blossoms, and grapefruit blossoms. The farther east we go the stronger seems the perfume. After a leisurely fifteen minutes walk we come to the new Charlie Chaplin Studio, situated at the junction of Sunset and La Brea Boulevards. This magnificent million-dollar plant with the imposing Chaplin home covers a whole block. A few blocks farther down Sunset is the beautiful home of Miss Alice E. Chenoweth, one of our deaf friends. Still farther east, say two miles, in a big old fashioned home half buried from sight by the orange grove in front of it lives Mary Pickford. But let us not go farther, let us stop at the Chaplin Studio. Not because

this is the newest and handsomest studio of them all, but because our interest should naturally center here, for the time being, at least. Here working side-by-side with the million-dollar comedian is the deaf-mute actor, Granville Redmond. So far as I know he is the first and only deaf man to get in the movies. Mr. Redmond is the celebrated landscape painter whose pictures are so highly prized by connoisseurs everywhere.

Mr. Redmond as an Actor

About a year ago, Chaplin was first told of Mr. Redmond and of his possibilities as an actor. Being a pantomimist himself, it is likely that he, Chaplin, took a fancy to the idea of working with a deaf-mute skilled in the language of pantomime or signs. So Chaplin sent for Redmond, but it was not until a few months ago that the latter accepted Chaplin's offer.

Now after a few weeks trial, I am told on the best authority that the great comedian is immensely pleased with his deaf actor, that he predicts for him great success on the screen. In fact, Chaplin and Redmond are quite chummy, which means in no uncertain tones that the world-famous actor is learning the sign language. To use in the movies? Yes! Those of you who have seen Chaplin's new play, "A Dog's Life," have noted that he uses the signs for "baby," "children," and etc., perfectly. Where did he learn those signs if not from our deaf friend, Redmond? In this play Mr. Redmond is the large husky-headed fellow who plays the role of keeper of The Green Lantern dance-hall. As can be seen he has been given an important part in this, his first play. Critics see in him great possibilities. He needs only time in which to develop his latent dramatic powers; it will come, Chaplin himself says so. Then we will have in our deaf friend a great actor.

The movies has no use for speech and lip-reading. On the contrary, the movies is pre-eminently the place for pantomime or signs. Being unable to speak, Mr. Redmond entered the movie field with some misgiving; but Chaplin quickly assured him that it is not necessary to talk, that "plain, ordinary lip movements will do." So I am wondering if we shall hear now and then of some hysterical lip-reader who will exclaim, "I read Mr. Redmond's lips!"

I have had several interesting talks with Mr. Redmond and his charming wife—our homes being not far apart—and I am watching his career with great interest.

Mr. and Mrs. William Japes

No, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Japes, of Detroit, Michigan, are not in the movies; but I presume that winsome and talented Violet Colby Japes could easily get in if she tried. While here on their recent honeymoon trip Mrs. Japes several times expressed a desire to see the inside of the Chaplin Studio. Like other visitors she was refused admittance, finally she penned a brief note to the great comedian himself. To her surprise—and to the surprise of every one else—Chaplin promptly wrote, inviting her and Mr. Japes to come at a certain hour on a certain day. Clever girl! She was indeed clever to succeed as she did. For the studio rules in regard to visitors are unrelentingly strict. Mr. Redmond himself tells me that out of one thousand visitors to the studio only two, besides the above mentioned couple, have been admitted to the inside.

I am pretty sure of Mrs. Japes's talent as an actress, for I saw this well demonstrated one evening when she entertained a party of us at her suite in the hotel. She depicted human life in various phases, both her make-up and her acting being faithful in the extreme.

Equal Pleasure and Profit

Unlike the spoken drama, the deaf can enjoy moving pictures just as much as the hearing do. Some one may say that the deaf lose, as they do not hear the music that accompanies the pictures.

But I do not think we lose; there are various ways in which we are compensated but the hearing would hardly understand if we tried to explain. For myself I hate the noisy show, that is where some struggle or a battle is going on with its accompanying loud imitation battle din. To me the vibrations are a continuous, growling



Chaplin Talking on His Hand to Redmond

thunder—or worse than that—which sickens me soul and body. In fact most all musical vibrations irritate me. But by many of the deaf I know that the vibrations are enjoyed, especially by those with some remnant of hearing.

Pictures That I Do Not Want To See

Frankly, I do not like any of David W. Griffith's plays. I marvelled at the popularity of his *Birth of a Nation* or *The Clansman*. In my opinion they worked a great injury to the colored race, the colored race which since the days of the great and good Booker Washington has had a chance to rise and grow in mentality and usefulness.

I have lately seen "Hearts of The World." I



Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Japes in the "Slum Quarters" of Chaplin Studio

suppose that most people interpret the play as patriotic. Well and good. But for myself I have gotten far better ideas of the war and its soul-sickening horrors from reading and thinking than from anything that Mr. Griffith shows. Perhaps after all it is the wonderful music which accompanies his plays that makes them sink so deeply into public mind. A hearing lady tells me that the music is half the picture.

I particularly dislike to see them try to depict great books on the screen, such books as *Quo Vadis*, *Les Miserables*, *Ben Hur*, etc. Having read and thoroughly absorbed such books I have always doubted any one's ability sufficiently to enact them on the screen, or even on the stage. Everytime that I have gone to see such a film I have invariably left in disgust. Why? Because what I saw on the screen was only a meagre portion of the story compared with the rich, complete version of the story in my mind; in my mind, yes, just as the great author wrote it, and not as ordinary men dissected, mutilated and twisted it about to suit their capricious tastes.

I wish the films would let great books alone, books whose greatness is far beyond the dramatic and emotional powers of ordinary men and women who enact their parts more from the mercenary motive than from really fine feeling.

But in some cases of books that I have not read I must say that the screen production quite satisfies me. For whatever may be lacking in the play I do not note, having no previous mind picture of the story. I had never read "Camille," so when I saw the film version of the story, played by French actors, I enjoyed it very much.

Best of all I like the plays which depict modern life,—its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows, with an abundance of fun thrown in.

Only in modern life are the movies at their best. That is the way I look at it.

Do The Movies "Cheapen Experience?"

Bernard Shaw deplores motion pictures on the ground that they "cheapen experience." In the case of growing boys and girls to whom experience is as yet a distant, a novel, even an alluring thing, this warning is worthy careful consideration. All sorts of misdemeanours, crimes and pitfalls look easy, even desirable, on the screen to some immature minds. But older, responsible people, of course, know better.

I have often thought that too much movies can be particularly injurious to deaf children, in that the slowly developing minds as yet lack sufficient language to reason out the scenes and dramas before their eyes. In that state they are exactly in a position to under-rate experience, to "cheapen experience" even more than hearing children do.

In the case of films, educational and otherwise, shown in schools for the deaf I do not see how much good can result unless an accompanying explanation is given by the teacher.

I will probably write more on this subject another time.

In last month's article on *Funds and Funds* I did not say, speaking of a certain deaf man's oral schooling that it cost his family \$7,000—but \$17,000!

GOODYEAR MUTE TRIES FOR AVIATION

When it comes to patriotism, "Silent Bob" Hogan is right there with the goods. He has been trying since the entrance of the United States into the war to get in some of the different branches of the service.

He first tried to join the army and was turned down because he was a mute, he then tried the navy but was unsuccessful. Last fall he tried to join the Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, but was turned down because of deafness.

Undaunted, he wrote President Wilson and begged him in his letter to get him in some branch of the service. President Wilson recommended him to the Aerial League of America, and he immediately applied for membership.

During his vacation period when he was attending the school for the deaf, he was employed in the Curtis Airplane shop at Buffalo, N. Y., and in California. He says that he knows everything there is to know about airplane engines and the construction of the different parts of the flying machine.

At the School for the Deaf at Rochester, N. Y., where he received his education, Glen Curtis' sister was one of the instructors. She is deaf, and it was through her that he first had a desire to become an aviator. She secured him a position in her brother's plant at Rochester, where he received his knowledge of the airplane.

In the near future he will attend a series of lectures held by the Aerial League of America, on the airplane and the art of flying.

He hopes to be able to get into the aviators' corps and receive his training and go to France as soon as he graduates from the training school, if he succeeds in getting in the aviation corps.

He is patriotic to the core and is anxious to get into some branch of the service where he will be of help to his nation and "can do his bit."

He is employed in Department 270B, Mill 2, says he likes the Goodyear, but that he would like to get a crack at the Kaiser.—*Wingfoot Clan*, March 23.

A METHOD OF SWIMMING

*Advice to People Who Indulge in Aquatic Sports this Summer---
How to Swim and How to Avoid Drowning*



THE "LOG BASIN"—TRENTON'S FAVORITE BATHING GROUND.

Photo. by Oscar Applegate.

Breast Stroke

WIMMERS should practice deep breathing, as it will fill the lungs properly, and increase buoyancy in the water. Learners generally bend the back and make short jerky plunges with hands and feet, forgetting to straighten the limbs; these defects should be pointed out by the teacher. Each movement should be carefully executed, and haste and flurry avoided.

Divide the swimming class into three sections—the first, to consist of swimmers; the second, of pupils who, unaided, can manage a few strokes; and the third, of pupils requiring support.

Bathing or swimming before breakfast is not beneficial; halfway between breakfast and dinner is the best time. One should never enter the water immediately after eating a hearty meal. In entering the water, wet the entire body as quickly as possible. The sensation produced by wading into the water will do much toward destroying the confidence of a beginner.

The first requisite is confidence; this can be achieved by discovering how readily your body will float in the water.

In learning to swim, the simplest stroke for a beginner is the breast stroke. The positions of the body, hands, and legs in making this stroke are as follows: The head should be thrown back until the chin rests on the water, thus hollowing the back properly; keep the legs together, with the knees and ankles touching and toes pointing toward the rear; the palms should be joined with the fingers of each pressed together and the inside of the thumbs resting against the outer edge of the first joint of the forefingers; then extend both arms to the front to their fullest extent, keeping them on a level with the shoulders and not allowing any part of the hand or arm to show above the surface, slightly hollowing

the palms; turn the wrists inward until the knuckles at the root of each forefinger touch, which will bring the backs of the hands into the proper position at an angle of 45 degrees, the thumb being hidden from sight; keep the arms extended, sweep them slowly outward and backward until each hand is opposite the point of the shoulder at a right angle to the body, the stroke being made at the same even depth under water. Do not separate the fingers, but press the hands inward and slightly downward; bend and draw in the elbows, a movement which will naturally turn the palms of the hands inward as they circle toward the breast, and as the elbows touch the sides let the tips of the fingers, pointed forward, come together under the chin, thus completing the arm stroke.

Each movement should be made slowly, reaching as far as possible so as to embrace the greatest area of water, while the legs must be kept stiff and motionless.

After a little practice, you will find yourself almost imperceptibly traveling forward, and may then bring your legs into use.

Shooting out the hands as above, bend both knees and draw them well under the body, keeping the heels close together, with the toes outward and upward. Keeping the feet turned outward, open the legs as wide as possible with a vigorous kick, which will straighten both knees, the legs sweeping backward like a pair of compasses as widely separated as possible. Your kick is half completed; now, without pause, continue the backward sweep of the legs, until they come together at their full length, toes to the rear; as the ankles touch turn the hands outward and strike backward with the arms until they are at right angle to the body, and as you bring the elbows to the sides, draw up the legs again, and while gliding the hands to the front under the chin, give the leg stroke, shooting out the hand to the front again, as the legs touching complete their semi-circle.

This will leave you ready for another stroke.

Do not attempt to learn other strokes until you have learned to swim with this one, then the others can be readily learned.

Rescuing From Drowning

Approach the drowning man from behind, seizing him by the coat collar, or a woman by the back hair, and tow him at arms length to boat or shore. Do not let him cling around your neck or arms to endanger you. Duck him under until unconscious, if necessary to break a dangerous hold upon you; but do not strike to stun, except for self-preservation.

Resuscitation Rules

USED BY U. S. GOVERNMENT LIFE SAVING SERVICE.
(Sylvester Method)

Rule 1. Arouse the patient. Do not move the patient unless in danger of freezing; instantly expose the face to the air, toward the wind if there be any; wipe dry the mouth and nostrils, rip the clothing so as to expose the chest and waist; give two or three quick, smarting slaps on the chest with the open hand.

If the patient does not revive, proceed immediately as follows:

Rule 2. To expel water from the stomach and chest, separate the jaws and keep them apart by placing between the teeth a cork or small bit of wood; turn the patient on his face, a large bundle of tightly rolled clothing being placed beneath the stomach; press heavily on the back over it for half a minute as long as fluids flow freely from the mouth.

Rule 3. To produce breathing, clear the mouth and throat of mucus by introducing into the throat the corner of a handkerchief wrapped closely around the forefinger; turn the patient on the back, the roll of clothing being so placed as to raise the pit of the stomach above the level of the rest of the body.

Let an assistant with a handkerchief or piece of dry cloth draw the tip of the tongue out of one corner of the mouth, which prevents the tongue from falling back and choking the entrance to the windpipe, and keep it projecting a little beyond the lips. Let another assistant grasp the arms just a little below the elbows and draw them steadily upward by the sides of the patient's head to the ground, the hands nearly meeting (which enlarges the capacity of the chest and produces respiration). While this is being done let a third assistant take position astride the patient's hip, with his elbows resting on his own knees, his hands extended, ready for action. Next, let the assistant standing at the head turn down the patient's arms to the sides of the body, the assistant holding the tongue changing hands if necessary, although the tongue must not be released, to let the arms pass. Just before the patient's head reaches the ground, the man astride the body will grasp the body with his hands, the balls of the thumbs resting on either side of the pit of the stomach, the fingers falling into the grooves between the short ribs. Now, using his knee as a pivot, he will at the moment the patient's hand touch the ground throw (not too suddenly) all his weight forward on his hand, and at the same time squeeze the waist between them as if he wished to force anything in the chest upward out of the mouth; he will deepen the pressure while he slowly counts one, two three, four about five seconds), then suddenly let go with a final push, which will spring him back to his first position. A child or delicate patient must, of course, be more gently handled. This completes respiration.

At the instant of his letting go, the man at the patient's head will again draw arms steadily upward to the sides of the patient's head, as before, (the assistant hold the tongue again changing hands to let the arms pass if necessary), holding them there while he slowly counts one, two, three, four.

Repeat these movements deliberately and persever-

ingly twelve to fifteen times every minute, thus imitating the natural motions of breathing.

U. S. V. L. S. C. Rules for Rescue Drill on Land and Water.

The object of this drill is to teach the best methods of approaching, grasping, and carrying a drowning person. When taught the different holds on the land, the pupil learns much more rapidly in the water; and, in addition, the muscular exercise is of benefit for the work to follow.

The danger in rescuing the drowning is that they may grasp you so that you can not help them or yourself.

When you approach them assure them in a loud, clear voice that they are safe. Before jumping into the water remove all clothing possible. If the person in the water is cool enough to obey you, direct him to place his hands on your shoulders and to keep perfectly quiet; you can then swim to a place of safety with him. If the person is struggling keep away for a few seconds until he becomes quiet; then approach him from the rear, and, governed by the circumstances, use one of the following holds in rescuing him:

A. Turn him on his back and take a firm hold of his arms above the elbows, draw his arms upward at right angles to his body and swim backwards with him; this position gives you control.

B. Take hold of him by the hair of his head, turn him as quickly as possible on his back, give him a sudden pull, and this will cause him to float, then throw yourself on your back also, and swim for a place of safety, both hands having hold of his hair, you on your back and he on his; the advantage of this method is that it enables you to keep your head up as well as the head of the person you are helping.

C. Grasp the person by the bathing suit and then operate as in No. 2. Grasp them under the arms from the rear and swim backwards with them. The position of a body after it has sunk can be deter-

mined by the air bubbles which from time to time will rise to the surface, allowing for their being carried by the current of the water. On rescuing a person by diving to the bottom, seize him by the hair of the head with one hand only, using the other, in conjunction with the feet, to raise yourself and the drowning person to the surface. If in a strong out-setting tide, it is sometimes a grave mistake to try to swim to the shore; if you are alone and in difficulty, or have hold of a person who can not swim, get on your back and float until help comes, or, even if it is further, swim with the tide to a place of safety. Many sink in the effort when, if they had floated, a boat or other aid might have been secured.

Release Drill on the Land and Water

The object of these drills is to teach how to release one's self from the grasp of a drowning person.

1. If you are grasped by the wrists turn both arms against the drowning person's thumbs and bring his arms at right angles to the body; this will dislocate the thumbs if he does not let go.

2. If clutched around the neck take a deep breath, then place your left hand in the small of his back, and passing your right hand over his arm catch his nose with your fingers; with your palm against his chin pinch his nostrils shut and push him away with all your strength. The holding of his nose causes him to open his mouth for breathing, being under water, he will choke, and is easily controlled.

3. If grasped around the body or arms, take a long breath, and as you place your right palm against his chin, with your left hand on his right shoulder, at the same time bring the right knee up against his chest as high as possible; then give a strong sudden push with your knee and hands, and you will break his hold.

4. If the person you are rescuing gets a hold on you which embarrasses you or endangers you, allow yourself to sink with him beneath the surface, when he will release his grip.

DEAF-MUTE FISHERMEN OF NEW JERSEY



These three pictures show Charles and Arthur Colberg in the garb of fishermen. The man standing next to Charles with a water bucket is the father

of these sturdy boys. They live in Wildwood, N. J., a popular summer resort. Their principal business is fishing and they do it on a big scale. They have

many thrilling tales of life on the open sea. Both brothers are deaf, and they have a deaf sister who prefers sewing or knitting to fishing.

The seat of the Celtic muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream.—*Waverley*.

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

—*The Antiquary*.

The best fruits are those that are slowest in ripening, and the best horses such as give most trouble to the grooms who train them.—*Fair Maid of Perth*.

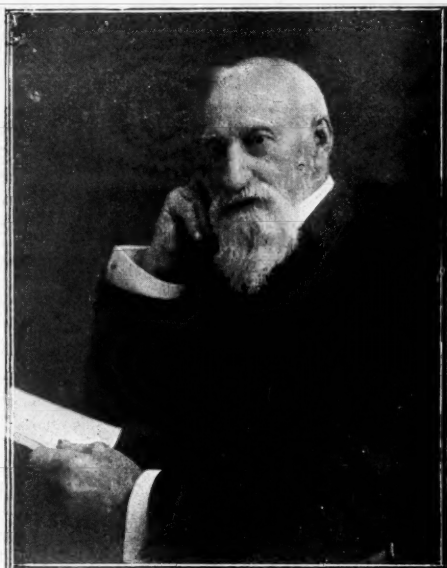
Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.

—*Redgauntlet*.

O indolence and indecision of mind! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery and mischief do you frequently prepare the way.—*Waverley*.

He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend:
Hand and foot and knee he tries—
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

—*Bridal of Triermain*.



WILLIAM HENRY WEEKS

BRIGHT in her golden glory sinks the sun,
It sets we say, and sigh, "the day is done;"
Spread far in majesty across the sky,
The crimson beams convey the sun's goodbye;
Over the waters lingering loves to shine
In golden glory nearer the divine;
Like diamond dewdrops glisten Lerna's mists;
With crimson light the mountains blue, are kiss'd;
Evening's shadows now begin to creep,
Its twinkling stars reflecting in the deep;
With crimson light o'er ocean and each isle
The God of Gladness sheds her parting smile,
Till far behind the western rocky steep
In radiant majesty she sinks—to sleep—

"Such was the solemn hour when they left,
Sage Hippotades and Nereus old,
So have they gone, and left me sore bereft,
They who outweighed the world's possess of gold;
And now that they are gone,
The rising sun each morn
No more shall greet the smiles it knew of old,
For they had taught upon the selfsame hill,
Wise were their words which linger with us still;
Two score and ten, the years seemed like the dawn
Of a new day, for yet we called it morn;
All that they taught was new—forever new,
Then quietly they from our life withdrew;
How can they rest upon their flowery bier
Without a sigh, or sweet melodious tear!

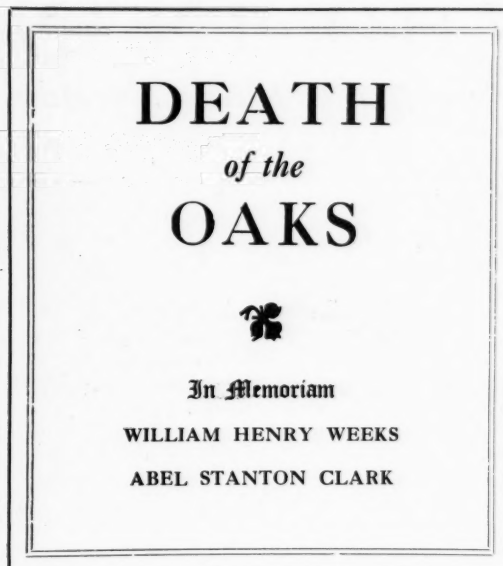
Alas, what good will come from pensive strains
To our departed dead, adown the track
To sweet Elysian fields, or wish them back;
Swift flying time, her metoer speed maintains—
When they had heard their call, they tarried not
But quickly left; what! were we all forgot?
To cross the gulf of years no parting sigh,
Or loving word was said in sad goodbye."

Thus sang the mournful bard on the rocky shore
Where breakers surge and roar,
And Evening's wind from out the wide domain
Now blowing harsh, now softened to a sigh—
A sweet Æolian harp with measured strain,
Played harmonies from out the western sky;
And thru the groves of whispering pines it flowed,
Where as the sunset glowed
Fair nymphs and fawns in woodland shadows played,
And in the checkered shade
Paused in their play to take their flutes, and throng,
And old Damoetas loves to hear their song.

HOW A DEAF BOY HAS DONE HIS BIT FOR HIS COUNTRY

Richard Spater, a deaf boy 14 years of age, who is a member of Boy Scouts of St. Paul, ventured on the sale of "Liberty Bonds" during the first campaign. He succeeded in selling ten bonds, for which he was awarded a Boy Scout medal.

His enthusiasm thus was kindled and he entered the second campaign with greater ambition. At closing it was discovered he was at the head of his troop in number of sales. He totaled 42 sales, amounting to \$3,900.



DEATH of the OAKS



In Memoriam

WILLIAM HENRY WEEKS

ABEL STANTON CLARK

He faced the winds that in from ocean blow,
And asked the western glow:
"Where wilt thou go now, dying sun, the night
Swift evening's shadows now pursue thy beams,
Which nigh o'erwhelmed gleams
Like piercing shafts in radiant glory bright,—
Where wilt thou go, thou canst not stay thy flight?
Thy glowing light, some rays of Heaven's fire
Doth pass away with Ninevah and Tyre,
Into the vast immeasurable past,
And as thy last beams pass'd,
And darkness covered earth, a gloomy pall:
Two friends departed with the fleeing time
Called as by evening's chime,
And death and darkness came and engulfed all."

The Zephyrs soft replied, cool blowing, sweet,
While whispering pines and mossy glens repeat;
The twilight shades the end of daylight seals
As from the Arcadian shore the tale reveals,
By Penseroso's charm, the spirit lured
A quiet stillness felt.
And pain and sorrows melt
As from the breeze this soothing song was heard:

"A mighty man and great, once cast his lot
With those forlorn, who spoke and listened not;
Soft nature held her hands against each ear
In playful mood,—They saw, but could not hear;
They could not speak or sign; they could not read,
These from this Stygian darkness now were freed,
And in the opening light great Gallaudet
Built the first school,—the corner stone was set!
For mental freedom whilst the ages run.—
He then withdrew, and Gallaudet the son,
Filled with the same clear fire
Didst lead to knowledge higher,
And lo! the heights of Knowledge now were won.

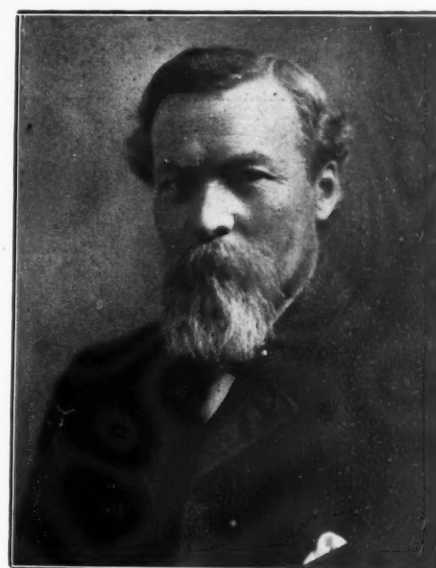
And thy two friends did hear their clarion call,
Fresh as the breeze which blew away the pall
Of slumbering darkness, vague, unfathomed, vast;
They came to help, and all their fortunes cast;
Their strength, their best of years, their very lives;
They gave their all, and lo! their work survives
In smiling faces bright,
Filled with clear mental light,
Aurora fair, the Stygian darkness drives.

Thru years which swiftly sped,
Each trembling child was led
To read the page of Knowledge, and aspire
To lofty heights, ambitious souls afire!
They taught them how to work, and how to pray,
And how to love each other, and obey;

His campaign was done during his spare moments, outside of school hours. He is a freshman in high school. His seventh and eighth grade work was completed in classes with his hearing friends in the St. Paul public school.

His speech and speech-reading have been put to a thorough test and withstood it well, as with few exceptions the people to whom he sold were strangers to him.

He is at present earnestly planning for the third campaign, in which he hopes to surpass his second goal.—*Mabel A. Rusch, Michigan Mirror.*



ABEL STANTON CLARK

And from the page of Knowledge then was read
How the great Master lived for us and bled;
Of all the kings and nations of the past;
Of this great earth, so wonderful and vast;
The Taj Mahal, the pyramids, the strand
Of sunny shores of our dear native land;
The rocky snow-capped Alps, the surging roar
Of the great billows breaking on the shore;
The lordly mountains, and the ancient Nile
That makes the desert with abundance smile;
To see the grandeur of the lands afar,
And see the greater grandeur where we are.

They came to school each gloomy day and bright
To fill each eager child with mental light,
From early morn until the daylight failed
They led the way, and in their work prevailed,
Until there softly crept
Gray hairs and slowing step,
And loving friends departed one by one,
And they beheld at last their setting sun.

Then loaded down with love and honors bright,
They sat in shade, and viewed the soft twilight,
And as they listened for the sunset gun
The century mark of work was passed, and won,
And now they longed to go
Where all their friends were now:
To that reward beyond the setting sun.

O call them not! the past is with the past;
The sun has set, the last sunbeam is cast,
To join the heavenly host in endless love;
To share the glory of the Son above;
The joyous summons heed,
They, long prepared, departed with all speed,
And sudden left: accept a parting sigh
From those who nobly live, and nobly die."

The sun was sunk into the western sea
When he arose, the stars were shining bright,
The fragrant, amorous breezes blowing free
Filled him with joyous hope and great delight;
For as the stars that gleam in Heaven bright,
By endless faith o'er time is victory won
For sunset marks another day begun.—
So is the future that each one awaits
Whilst as the Master staves
Truths borne along as whispering breezes blow:
"True love is duty, and duty is love,
This much is all ye know, or need to know."

EDWARD E. RAGNA.

"If on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged."
—*Lady of the Lake.*

Sir, stay at home, and take an old man's counsel;
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
—*Bride of Lammermoor.*

WHO IS WHO IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann

By ALEX. L. PACH



CHARLES C. McMANN



The old "McMann" Homestead—105th-106th St., Amsterdam Avenue



MRS. CHARLES C. McMANN

IT AFFORDS THE SILENT WORKER a great deal of pleasure to print the pictures and publish the story of the popular McMann's of New York, as they are often referred to. Though among the wealthiest of many wealthy deaf people, they are most democratic, and there is nothing of aloofness in their make-up. Few homes are as hospitable, and none more so than theirs and they entertain a great deal, just as often out, as at home, and a bid to join them in some quaint festivity in their home is just as liable to be followed by an entertainment "out," which means a dinner at some extra good restaurant, followed by some diversification, theatricals, or a show of some kind, usually ending in the charter of a big motor to take the guests home, beginning with those who live furthest from the scene of the activities, and ending with the hosts being deposited at their door, having been hosts literally the entire evening, and both of them gloriously happy in having made others happy, and yet no stranger would be able to designate which of the party were the hosts, for all they do in entertaining is done without any "show" whatever, and the least said in the way of thanks by the entertained, the better, for the hosts are more than content when their guests are pleased.

Charles Cornell McMann and Marie Campbell were married in June 1903, at the New Amsterdam Hotel, by Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain. Mr. McMann was born on East Eighth Street, New York, July 21, 1865, and became deaf through a double attack of measles and cerebro spinal meningitis at ten months, and his family moved to the neighborhood of his present home when he was three years of age, and he has therefore resided for fifty years in the same block. At the age of seven he entered the old 44th Street School, then under the management of Dr. Rising, and Dr. Greene and remained there till the school was moved to 67th Street and Lexington Ave., where



JOSEPH HARRY McMANN

he spent the final two years of his schooling, which was very thorough, when one considers how well Mr. McMann speaks for one who has never heard. At eighteen he went to an Art School, where he studied two years, followed by two years work as a practical engraver, which pursuit he was compelled to abandon on account of injury to his eyes. Then for twenty years he became the companion of his grandfather, D. H. Knapp, who for many years was a trustee of schools in the old twelfth ward, and one of the type of trustees who made it his business to look after all the schools, pupils, and teachers, and this was his main purpose in life. In all season, and in all weather, the two, grandfather and grandson, drove the round of the schools, but in their companionship the grandfather had a purpose. It was to teach the deaf grandson lessons in life that would enable him to handle property, and the lessons were well learned for Mr. McMann has become an expert in real estate matters, and administration of properties, and so unbounded was the grandfather's faith, at his death it was found that not only had Mr. McMann fallen heir to vast property, but he had been appointed trustee for an aunt whose properties he still cares for. In 1891, Mr. McMann and his grand-

father toured Europe for five months. These early associations enabled Mr. McMann not only to learn the real estate business, but he acquired a practical and working knowledge of carpentry, steam-fitting and pumping, electricity, and photography and while he awards contracts for painting, and decorating his apartments, everything that is done, has his personal oversight. Originally the estate that Mr. McMann and his sister inherited comprised a great part of the land from 104th to 106th Street, Columbus to Amsterdam Avenues, but the old Croton Dam bisected this land with a wedge that cut it in two sections, and Mr. McMann's personal holdings now are five apartment houses on the north side of 105th Street and two dwellings of the brown stone



THE GARDEN—MR. McMANN'S FAMILY HOMESTEAD

front type on the south side, and a large vacant plot on which Mr. McMann plans to build a ten story elevator apartment when building conditions become normal again. Mr. McMann did not volunteer any of the foregoing information, as, while not unduly secretive, he is not the type of man to lay stress on his possessions. Mr. McMann is considered an ideal landlord by his many tenants, three of them have been with him more than twenty-four years, and there are few removals. In caring for his tenants as well as in his relations with his friends he never forgets the lessons that were inculcated by his mother.

Mr. McMann is Treasurer of St. Ann's Church, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes; member of the Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Home for the Aged and Infirm; Men's Club of St. Ann's Church; Union League of Deaf-Mutes and the League of Elect Surds.

Mrs. McMann was born June 30th, 1878, and there is no ungallantry in mentioning her age, for like her husband she is democratic, frank, sincere, a liter-

ally ideal wife and mother and a rare good friend. Of the trio, husband, son and wife, she invariably considers them first and puts herself last. She is a California-New Yorker, and has crossed the Great Divide on her trips between the Atlantic and the Pacific eight times. Under the late Dr. Warring Wilkinson's care she had ten years education at the Berkeley, California, School, which she left at seventeen years to take an extra course of three years under Dr. Westervelt at the Rochester, N. Y., School, and it was while on a visit in New York City she met her husband and after a courtship of one year, the immortal question having been popped at midnight, December 31st, they were married and after all these years the happy couple still linger in the spell of the Honeymoon.

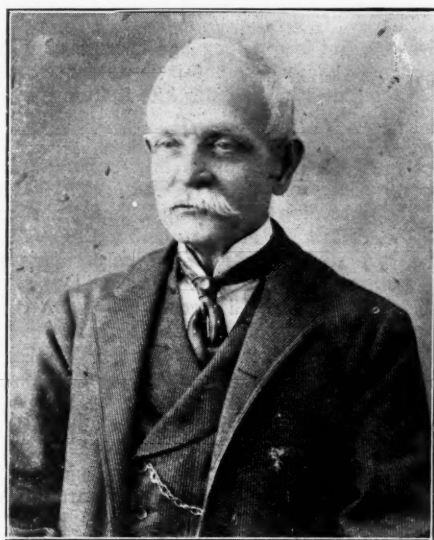
Mrs. McMann is an active member of St. Ann's Church, and allied organizations, and on her own account does a great deal in relieving distress and lending a hand where a helpful hand is needed, but of these activities nothing becomes public.

The surviving child of the couple, Joseph Harry McMann, is eleven years of age and a student at

Barnard School. He is the antithesis of the proverbial only child of wealthy parents. His first thought is to share the things he enjoys with boys not so fortunate. Though at tender years children's ideals rarely hold, Young Joe has Annapolis and a career in the navy as his future, but the Navy, anyhow, whether Annapolis or not. He is a clever lad in many ways, handy with tools and mechanics is a hobby with him. In camp last summer in Maine he played hard and studied hard, and though there were older contestants he won three coveted medals. One, the Junior Prize Medal for second highest all around attainment; another, the highest prize for "Campercraft." Another for swimming proficiency, as well as a certificate for attainment in Forestry.

It is a pleasure to write about the McMann's for no one begrudges or envies them all the bountiful things they have in this world for there are none who render a better account of the stewardship of their possessions. And high in the list of their great possessions is an army of friends appreciative of their goodness.

A. L. P.



MR. ROBERT J. MARTLING

The MARTLINGS of GREENWICH

Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Martling,
47 Old Post Road, Greenwich, Conn.

MRS. ROBERT J. MARTLING

THE OLD HOMESTEAD---To Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Martling

BY NELLIE EUGENIE LORIGAN

The gate's ajar on the hillside,
The windows are all aglow—
The dear old-fashioned homestead
Which shelters the friends I know!

South lies the Sound in its beauty,
Kissed by the zephyrs mild,
Or tossed by the storms of winter,
Which blow o'er its waters wild!

Westward stretches the old stone wall,—
The pines in stately pride,
And yonder is the roadside,
Where the autos swiftly glide!

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT J. MARTLING

Among the many aged deaf couples comprising the community, I think none are more worthy of mention than Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Martling, of the beautiful village of Greenwich, Connecticut! Their exemplary lives should shed a light on the path of every one handicapped as they are, and be a guide to one honorable old age!—Mr. Martling was born in New York City, and is now eighty-six years old! Was graduated from the Fiftieth Street School of New York (for the deaf). His ancestors settled in

White are the locks of the master,—
His form is aged and bent,
But his hands thank God daily
'Ere tasting the food He's sent!

And she, he wed so long ago,
Cheers sorrows that come his way,
Making life far brighter
In its declining day!

Neat is this little hamlet;
There's aye a homelike air,
And near the fireside yonder
Stands the master's old arm-chair!

Greenwich township (Fairfield county) many years prior to the Revolutionary war! He, himself, recalls a visit of General Scott, (of Mexican war fame) and the great statesman, Henry Clay, to the school he attended. For sixty years Mr. Martling was employed in a screw-factory, (Russell Bursdall Ward and Co.) and retired when seventy-eight years of age! His faithful, youthful-looking little wife, nee Annie Stoffel, watches over him with most solicitous care, and is an expert cook and housekeeper. In fact, there is no branch of the culinary art that she

O'er four score years has the master
Trode on a silent sphere;
Deaf to the songs of birds—
Deaf to all things we hear!

The stars are shining brightly,—
The breath of lilacs scent the air,
And yonder is the garden
Which he tends with patient care!

Oh! dear Father, guard this silent pair,
And their simple lives so true,
Which by faith, work and love,
Do aye look up to you!

is not familiar with! As I write, I see her eyes snap, all intent on her cookery! Mrs. Martling was graduated from the Hartford School for the Deaf in 1865, and is now sixty-nine years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Martling have been married thirty-one years. Their hospitable door has been open to many a stranger in the past, for their hearts are ever kind. Now in life's evening-tide they enjoy the results of their labors: The charming old home is theirs, with its garden, fruit-trees, and chickens! May God bear them on and on, most tenderly! N. E. L.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—Anon.

Beware of that impatience which makes bad worse.—Woodstock.

We know what we are, we know not what we may be.—St. Ronan's Well.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH

NOW that the discussion is on, there is no harm in talking about the Gallaudet Memorial that the College Alumni plan to build. In one respect this concerns the Alumni solely, and if they want to honor the man who made it possible for them to enjoy a higher education, in a college, of course, that is their look-out, and if they can raise the money all the more glory to their commendable ambition.

But, to the mere looker-on, a college building as a memorial is something that the United States Government is bound to provide when the need comes, and it can be named E. M. Gallaudet Hall, thus the Alumni, seemingly, are raising money that otherwise will be provided for by Uncle Sam.

Statues do not hold the place in the public eye that they once did, but a memorial worthy of the name and one that would fill the good Doctor's heart with gladsome joy, were he here, would be the Edward Miner Gallaudet Scholarship Fund, to enable poor but worthy deaf people to attend Gallaudet College.

Rhodes, in England, and Pulitzer, in the United States, have demonstrated that scholarships are the greatest benefactions that can be bestowed, and in time the Gallaudet fund, with increases that will come from other sources, will make it at once a fitting and enduring memorial, useful and helpful as well. As before stated, this is an Alumni project, and only the Alumni are directly concerned, but indirectly the deaf populace of the entire country is also interested. What greater good can a memorial accomplish than by giving poor deaf people the same opportunities the more favored Alumni have enjoyed.

Mrs. Terry's magazine project doesn't seem to fit in because of all the attendant difficulties. We already have the Journal, the Silent Worker, The Annals, and all the school papers, and any meritorious theme can be unfolded in one of these. The Nads and the Frats have their own organs, and only the few are interested in more than two or three of these publications.

The hardest difficulty is to get normal people to read a class magazine, and there are few subjects the deaf could write about that would interest the general public, and last but not least, where are the writers?

Commenting on my story of the growth of the N. F. S. D. in the April issue, the following comments, taken from a letter from Grand President Anderson are very pertinent:

"The April issue of the SILENT WORKER is in my hands, and I have noted with very great appreciation the item in your column covering the forward growth of the Society. The figures you give need no comment—they give an eloquent reflex of what right organization along conservative lines and loyal co-operation can accomplish.

The present status of the N. F. S. D., although it amazes even those who know the inner works, is not an experiment tried hap-hazard, but the applying of right principles to a system and loyal co-operation by the membership. It has demonstrated that the deaf as a class are capable of the highest co-ordination when such co-ordination is met with tolerance and equality by the leaders in National and subordinate councils. I believe, notwithstanding differences of policy and opinions here and there, and in spite of personal animosities in some sections, the reins have been held taut and the affairs, big and little, have been met on the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number." Hence the Society has gone forward until it is a power and a necessity for the good of the American deaf. And it is only beginning for I am sanguine of its future.

In that part of the item that speaks in a personal way of the efficient Secretary—Brother Gibson—and myself, I am sure we are mindful of the compliment given us, but that praise should, also, include that

vital one—the loyal co-operation of the membership, without which our hands would be tied. The present administration has tried to give to its trust a careful, conservative and constructive guidance, and whether we succeeded or not, the record of the Society for three years must tell its own story."

WHO IS WHO IN NEW YORK

(Continued from page 159)



Photo. by A. L. Pach.
CHRISTINE R. MCKINNON

Miss McKinnon hails from Beaver Cove on Bras D'or Lake, Nova Scotia, just seven miles across from Breinn Breagh, Cape Breton, the summer home of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell. Miss McKinnon became deaf before she was one year old, and when she was two her mother died. She attended her father's school with her sisters and brothers and other hearing children, her father said, to keep her out of mischief, but she learned a great deal and first showed artistic talent in drawings she copied. When she went to the Halifax School for the Deaf, Principal Fearon gave her private articulation lessons so she could be put in an advanced oral class. After graduating from the Halifax School Miss McKinnon entered the Victoria School of Art and Design, Halifax, and after her course there the Principal suggested an advanced course "abroad"—"Abroad" in this instance referred to New York or Boston. Four years of study in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts gave her the coveted diploma. After a rest at home Miss McKinnon came to New York to pursue her vocation and is making excellent progress.

Once more to the "Jersey Corner" with Bro. Sweeney! He wants a comparison of speech utility as between spoken language and signs. None occurs to me. Try as hard as I can nothing of comparative value suggests itself. Spoken speech is the golden sunshine of noonday. What we deaf use as a substitute is the inky blackness of a moonless midnight. Neither utterance of speech or listening to it requires the slightest effort. To listen as we deaf must is laborious effort that requires all the concentration of both eye and mind, and even then we do not always "hear" correctly. Repetition is frequently necessary, and understanding does not always follow.

Yes—one comparison comes. Some years ago,

a man lived after having his neck broken. It was a most unusual case, and, I think, unprecedented! The surgeons fixed up an iron framework supported by the shoulders, that kept the head in such a position as to avert death.

We deaf are, as to normal people as the broken-necked man was, and while the sign language is the "prop" that keeps our head in place, there is no danger of fatality through a misplacement. We are so used to our burden that it has become second nature, but it is absurd, in the extreme, for any one to imply that the language of the deaf is by any manner of means a compensation for deafness, for it isn't, and never can be. The shipwrecked men in an open boat, on the open sea, who had to subsist on the remains of a companion, who gave up the fight, had no other recourse to avert starvation and death. They had no choice. So it is with us who are deaf.

Signs and spelling are a glorious makeshift—we haven't any choice. Since there's nothing else, we glorify our language because of what it accomplishes for us, but it is as far from the real thing as a boy's penny kite is from the latest airplane.

Out of the gloom of all this unparalleled war horror comes one little gleam of light that tells of the tightening and strengthening of the bonds of the Fellowship and Brotherhood of Man. In the world of the deaf nothing that promises more of unification and broadening than the meeting held in New York City recently when a council of all the deaf organizations was called to bring about a get-together to further the War Savings Fund. Thirteen organizations sent representatives who represented four radically different church organizations, as well as clubs and societies that hitherto have been far apart.

The time of times had come when it was brought home to the deaf that no matter in what other ways, they had made sacrifices, it was now made clearer than ever that being deprived of the right to get into the actual combat abroad, they must contribute in another way to the winning of the War.

An organization was effected in record time, and then came a stirring speech from a United States Army colonel, that was retold to the deaf audience by a man to whom this matter of interpreting was a fine art, first learned from his deaf parents before spoken language had real significance to him. The necessity for thrift; the helpfulness to the Government of the War Savings Stamps campaign being duly explained, the audience, composed of so many different parts, and so many different elements became a united body, with grim resolution stamped on every face. All differences of creed, sect, race, school were banished and in their stead was grim, unyielding determination by the deaf delegates to do their bit and help make the "world safe for democracy."

THE GREAT ACTOR EDWIN BOOTH USED DEAF-MUTE SIGNS

The great actor Edwin Booth used conventional signs of the deaf in his acting whenever it suited his purpose so to do. At one time he had as a neighbor, a deaf man, Harry Rumrill, a graduate of the New York School, who taught him many signs at his own request. These he used while acting, as witnessed by a writer in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, who saw him in the part of Iago in "Othello." When he came to the line "Put money in thy purse," he used the conventional sign for money and put it in his pocket.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

Use lessens marvel, it is said.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

PHILADELPHIA

By J. S. REIDER



R. A. L. E. CROUTER was tendered an informal reception by the allied societies of the deaf of Philadelphia in the auditorium of the Grand Fraternity, 1626-28 Arch Street, on Saturday evening, May 4th. It was a large and representative gathering and withal a pleasant affair. As Chairman of the General Committee which had the event in charge, Mr. R. M. Ziegler first told the object of the meeting, and then Mr. John A. Roach read the following address prepared by the Secretary:

Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Superintendent, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Esteemed Sir and dear Friend:—

We have gathered here to-night to greet and meet you again after your long siege of illness. It had been our hope and wish to gather around you on that happy twenty-eighth of October, Nineteen hundred and seventeen, to felicitate you in person upon the completion of a half century of continuous service at our beloved *Alma Mater*, but your illness prevented this and left us only the alternative of expressing our affection to you by a testimonial gift in the form of a Sonora Phonograph. Although six whole months have passed since that memorable time of your life, the memory of it is as fresh in our minds this evening as though the anniversary was but yesterday. We therefore beg to express anew our love for and gratitude to you to-night, and to wish you a return to sound health and that you may spend the remaining days of your life in happiness, peace and comfort.

Dr. Crouter, we owe it to you to say that, owing to the fact that the graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb are scattered all over the State and that many others are living outside of the State, it was not possible to ask a great number of graduates to join with us in arranging the testimonial.

We therefore present to you a list of only such graduates and friends as could be conveniently approached in the short time of preparation.

This address, together with the list of subscribers to the testimonial, was neatly bound with long flowing ribbons of yellow and dark blue, representing the colors of the Mt. Airy Institution, and then presented to Dr. Crouter, who expressed his thanks in a touching little address. The following poem composed by Miss Gertrude M. Downey and dedicated to Dr. Crouter was rendered in signs by six ladies:

We plod along Life's weary way
And sadly looking back
We yearn for days so happily spent
In schooltime's beaten track!

Of all the loved who taught us then,
But two are living near us,
And only one is here to-day
In person dear to cheer us!

And fifty years finds him alone
Surviving all who taught us—
'Tis love for him alone, I ween
Together now has brought us!

He never used "the stick," except
In love to point the way
From California to the Gulf
Our "Open Sesame" lay!

He never banged our wooden heads
To teach us "good horse sense,"
Nor hauled us up before "the Board"
For misdeed's recompense!

He only smiled when we forgot
Our "goggerfry" to study;
In class affirmed the ocean dry
And the Great Desert muddy!

What wonder that our hearts are full
Of love and admiration
For one who strove for fifty years
In the cause of education!

Let every one who's here to-night
Arise and give him blessing;
(The audience standing)

Salute our chief, and vow that Time
Our love shall never lessen!

Then followed a number of addresses of a complimentary nature by graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and the rendition of the following closing poem, also composed by Miss Downey and addressed to Dr. Crouter—

Softly, oh! softly may the future
Pass by thee,
Touching thee lightly
With tenderest care;
Sorrow nor pain, may time
Never bring nigh thee
But honor to wear!

Past all the winds
That are adverse and chilling;
Past all life's dangers
That threaten thee rest;
Past all the tempests
That lure thee unwilling;
May you glide safe
To your home among the blest!

Dr. Crouter again feelingly expressed his thanks for all the kindness shown him both before and on this occasion.

Early in the month of May two deaths occurred among our deaf. On the 5th, Mrs. Mary Ann Cunningham, widow of Thomas K. Cunningham, was found lifeless in bed in the morning when her daughter went to her room to call her for breakfast. She died sometime during the night. Mrs. Cunningham was one month less than 82 years of age, having been born June 1st, 1836, at Mystertown, Pa.; a former student of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. She was quite above the ordinary in intelligence; a widow for about thirty years, and was going blind. The interment was in Greenmount Cemetery, Olney, on May 8th, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer officiating, assisted by a hearing minister.

On May 6th, Miss Katherine P. Musselman received her final summons after a brief illness following an operation. She was also a former student of the Pennsylvania Institution, in the prime of life, and bore an excellent reputation. She was buried on the 10th, Requiem Mass being held at the Church of the Gesu.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ormrod celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding by a party at their cozy home on the evening of April 20th, last. The usual delights of such an event were enjoyed by all present.

Recently while housecleaning, Mrs. Jennie Dunner sustained severe injuries by falling through a skylight to the floor below. It was considered fortunate that she escaped breaking a bone, as the doctors at the Episcopal Hospital where she had been taken remarked, but the accident was serious enough to keep her confined for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rebstock are receiving the congratulations of friends on the birth of a son, Albert Louis, on April 6th. Mr. Rebstock is one of the few deaf-mutes who are in the service of the Government, his work being that of an army baker.

On May 23rd, in the afternoon, a Government demonstrator was on hand at All Souls' Parish House to show how to use flour substitutes as a means of reducing the cost of living and encouraging the conservation of food. All deaf housekeepers, without regard to creed, were welcome to attend this demonstration.

On Saturday evening, May 18th, the Rev.

Franklin C. Smielau, of Williamsport, Pa., gave a reading of "Over the Top," under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish Hall. A large audience greeted the reverend gentleman, which might have been larger but for a strike of a portion of the trolley men, completely crippling some lines. Rev. Mr. Smielau is one of the few speakers who feel thoroughly at home on the platform and sport with the sign-language, as it were. His subject was replete with many thrilling experiences in the world-war, but much of the gloom which such narrations spread over an audience was cleverly dispelled by the injection of many bits of humor from the battlefield, and so the reading was highly enjoyed for its many-sidedness.

After the reading a little incident occurred that had not been announced on the program. Mr. J. S. Reider was called on the platform and, after a short, happy speech by Rev. Mr. Smielau on behalf of a number of friends, presented first with a large self-filling Waterman's Ideal Fountain pen, then with a beautiful sterling Ever Sharp No. 51 pencil and lastly with a large bottle of Waterman's fountain-pen ink and a few cents left over, together with a list of his friend-subscribers to the testimonial, given in appreciation of his work. It is needless to say that Mr. Reider was taken completely by surprise and thanked his friends for this newest manifestation of their good-will.

This incident was followed by a lantern-slide exhibition of French and Belgian views, war scenes, and other interesting views.

The Rev. Mr. Smielau officiated at both the morning and afternoon services at All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday, May 10th. The Rev. Mr. Dantzer, in exchange, supplied in Scranton and other places at the same time for Rev. Mr. Smielau.

Among All Souls' Church's visitors on Sunday, May 11th, were the following from New Jersey: Miss Mabel I. Snowden, of Lambertville; Miss Ethel Collins, of Trenton, and Miss Pearl M. Harris, of Bridgeton. There were also some from Camden, Merchantville and other places close to Philadelphia.

On Saturday, May 4th, Mr. William J. Albright, of Lancaster, Pa., was stricken with apoplexy while at work as a cigar-maker and died the following day. He was buried from his father's residence, the Rev. F. C. Smielau officiating. A wife survives him.

At Harrisburg, Pa., on May 13th, Miss Martha W. Runk and Mr. Charles W. Lehr were married by the Rev. F. C. Smielau.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, at a recent meeting, elected Mr. Harry E. Stevens delegate, and Mrs. Lucy M. Sanders as alternate delegate, to the convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf at Reading, Pa., August 29-31, 1918. It is hoped that other Local Branches will follow this example.

This time of the year the Rev. C. O. Dantzer is usually busy with baptisms and the preparation of confirmees for the sacred Rite. On April 21st, at St. Andrew's Church in Wilmington, Delaware, Rev. Mr. Dantzer baptized Mrs. Elizabeth Tarry and Miss Ruth Eleanor Marshall. On the same day and in the same church he presented to Bishop F. J. Kinsman for administration of the Rite of Confirmation Miss Ruth E. Marshall and Miss Florence O. Johnston.

SCHOOL and CITY

Our farm-gardens are doing finely.

We know just how many hours there will be until school closes.

Marion Apgar hopes to spend a month at the shore, this summer.

Anthony Cacchione has obtained work in a uniform factory and is doing well.

Did you ever have a stone-bruise? Mr. Compers has one. Don't you pity him?

Mr. Kane has embarked for the other side and will soon be with the boys "over there."

A large mosquito was killed in the magazine room, last week, a sure harbinger of summer.

Among James Thomson's recent gifts from home is a flashlight which he prizes very highly.

Alfred Kracht got a letter, a photograph and a big box of candy all in one mail the other day.

The mail carrying aeroplanes passing over our city travel at a rate faster than the fastest trains.

A brother of Salvatore Maggio enlisted last week and is now at Camp Dix awaiting a call to the other side.

Joseph Pingatore is the proud possessor of Robert Van Sickle's old base-ball cap, a present from the latter.

One of May Lotz's greatest pleasures, during the summer, is to relieve her mother of much of the home work.

Miss Wood and Miss Tilson spent Thursday at Mount Airy where they were the guests of Dr. Crouter for the day.

We just caught a glimpse of the mail-aeroplane when it passed over from Washington to New York on Wednesday.

Margaret Kluin spent the week-end last week with Helen Hewitt at Harney's corner, and had a most enjoyable outing.

Lorraine Pease was a visitor on Friday. He is, at present, engaged at the aeroplane works, in Plainfield and doing well.

The Instructor School Library has done more to encourage reading in our school during the past year than any other one cause.

Miss Koehler gave a pic-nic in the park to her classes on Friday afternoon and her girls had a glorious time.

Parker Jerrell has not outgrown his love for a box from home yet. When he received one, a few days ago, he was as tickled as a child.

In the absence of Mr. Throckmorton, Elton Williams was in charge of the shoe-shop for three days last week, and did his work finely.

So anxious are the boys to get the latest war news that quite a number of them turn out before the rising hour to take a look at the "scare-head."

Our boys all seem to have the industrial bee in their bonnets this year and the majority of them expect to get work until school opens again.

It is rather surprising what good buyers our boys and girls are. They know qualities and prices quite as well as the average speaking person.

We feel sorry for the schools who have had to close early on account of lack of funds, and are glad that our finances permit us to have a good, full term.

The circus parade was one of the finest that was ever given in our city. It passed quite near our school and we were all allowed to go out and see it.

Esther Forsman's mother has promised to spend commencement day with her, and Esther is anticipating the day with a greater pleasure than ever.

Our June examinations will soon be under way and will all be finished by the middle of the month. She will then know who the "workers" are and who the "drones."

Esther Woelper says she hopes to get into the road to success when her school days are over. She will find this easy if she will only follow the sign-posts that marked "w-o-r-k."

There will be a competitive drill some day next month between Company A and Company B and prizes will be awarded the winners and to the officers who conduct themselves most creditably.

Seven or eight of the larger boys will work at the school during the summer. Other help is hard to get just at this time, and they will "fill in," where speaking men were formerly employed.

When you ask Anna Robinson if the toothache hurts, she just looks at you, but there is a world of meaning in the look. She has had a recent experience, the memory of which yet lingers.

The question asked the upper classes a few days ago as to which they thought the better location for a school for the deaf, the city or country, gave rise to such a spirited debate, it was decided to select teams and have it fully discussed on a future occasion.

There probably will be a score of young robins hatched on our grounds, during the coming season, the larger number of which will become the prey of the cats hereabouts. Too bad they cannot all be saved.

A candy counter has been established by Mrs. Pope for the benefit of the Red Cross and Miss Mackie is making delicious fudge, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the same good purpose.

The finishing touches are being put on quite a number of gowns in the dress-making department, and the majority of the dresses at our commencement will be the handiwork of the girls who are engaged there.

The march that has been arranged by Miss Bilbee and Mrs. Markley for commencement day is one of the prettiest our girls have ever given, and it and the drill of the boys promise to be two very interesting features.

Jessie Casterline thinks of adopting a business career. As preparatory, she will take up type-writing and short-hand during the summer. The business course she has had with Mr. Sharp will also be a great help to her.

The Prudential Life of Newark employs quite a large number of printers. William Felts has had his eye on its printing department, for some time, and hopes to be given a place on its staff for the summer months.

The ladies at Bethany Church were ably assisted by Esther Woelper and Katie Brigante at the strawberry festival, last week. Among the large number present were Marion Apgar, Jessie Casterline, Margaret Jackson and Anna Campbell.

Though our boys were defeated at Peddie Institute on Saturday, they enjoyed the afternoon greatly, a swim in the pool and a bountiful supper taking away all the sting of defeat. Their games thus far have all been with crack-a-jack teams, which accounts for their repeated losses.

The last nature study trip of the season was taken on the 18th, when a party of twenty studied the flora and fauna of Riverside Park, inspected the Log Basin, the Filtering Plant and the Pumping Station, and spent an hour in the museum of the State House.

Others may forget Edward Campbell's birthday, but his grandma, never. On the 19th, he received from her a beautiful shirt, with cuffs, cuff-buttons and a stick-pin, and there was nothing that could have brought him more happiness on the natal occasion.

A careless motorcyclist struck the hind wheel of Anthony Gronshuski's bicycle a few days ago and damaged it badly. The motorcycle was travelling at terrific speed and it is only a wonder that Anthony was not killed and that his wheel was not torn to pieces.

Our night-watchman, Mr. Cheate, resigned on the 15th to accept a position in the ship-building plant at Bristol. His dog Fritz came limping into the school on Tuesday, a complete wreck, looking as if he had been struck by an auto or badly whipped by some other canine. We cared for him till evening when he limped back home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope gave a reception to the monitors on Friday evening last, as a little mark of their appreciation of the good work of these boys and girls during the past term. Games and plays were indulged in during the early hours, and these were followed by refreshments, the occasion furnishing one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

Mrs. Belle Throckmorton, wife of Mr. Charles Throckmorton and mother of Charles Throckmorton, Jr., passed away on the 11th inst. She had been ill for some time and though a change for the better had been hoped for, her death was not unexpected. Mrs. Throckmorton had been known well among us for a period of fifteen years, as the best of wives, the kindest of mothers, and as a loyal friend to our school, and we all join in the sorrow of the husband and children, and extend to them our sincerest sympathies.

OUR NEW READERS

We have recently added a set of the "Instructor Literature Series" to our library. They are a set of reading selected for the eighth grades.

No set of books of our library has so appealed to the pupils of my classes as these. In about a month the eleven pupils have taken out twenty-seven of the books. Some of the selections have been books on "weighty" subjects. While we have large volumes on the same subjects, these they pass by. The attractive appearance and convenient size at once appeals to them as large books do not. They have read them with a great deal of interest.

S.

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

Editors

Alvin E. Pope John P. Walker
George S. Porter Business Manager

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VOL. XXX JUNE, 1918 No. 9

Another month and we bid adieu, for the nonce to school and books, and seek a solace in the fields and woods.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL

Our commencement exercises will be held on Thursday, June 20th, at 2:30 o'clock, and school will close for the term on the following day.

Pupils who take the Reading Road, the Delaware and Belvidere Road, the Long Branch Road, and the Camden Road will all go home on Friday, the 21st inst.

Those going home on the Reading Road will leave Trenton at 7:56 A.M., and will arrive in Bound Brook at 8:50.

Those going home over the Delaware and Belvidere Road will leave on the 8:15 A.M. train.

Those going to Freehold, Point Pleasant and Long Branch will leave at 9:33.

Those going to Camden and points south will leave on the 9:40 train, arriving in Camden at 11 o'clock, and

Those going to New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark and Jersey City will leave at 10:10 A.M., on Saturday, arriving in Newark at 11:27 and in Jersey City at 11:43.

Parents will please send car-fare for children, at once, sending full fare for all over twelve years of age.

If children have trunks twenty-five cents extra must be sent to cover transfer.

Change will be given to children.

A care-taker will go with children to Jersey City, Newark and Camden.

COMMON GROUND

Ere the snow flies again we, probably, shall have a new site for our school with a 25,000 cottage under way, and a new era for the deaf of our state will be entered upon. This will be a fine opportunity for us to carry out the late idea of our brothers Wright and Howard. For a long time at variance, they succeeded, last summer, in meeting upon what they called common

ground, both agreeing that it would be well to take all the beginning pupils of a school to a building apart from the combined department, give them a pure atmosphere of speech, and see what the result would be at the end of the term. Our new site entirely apart from the old, and our new class, under a teacher with absolute faith in pure oral work, would give us a fine opportunity to make the test. This course has been pursued with us for years, except that the atmosphere has been contaminated at times by a little acting out and a few motion pictures, and so not absolutely pure. Shall we not now make the oral surroundings perfect, and see how it works out?

THE MEMORIAL

When the Gallaudet Memorial Committee decided that a building would be the most fitting way of perpetuating the memory of Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, the last word had not been spoken. More recently other suggestions have been made that set us to wondering whether a yet better monument might not be reared to his memory. The conclusion reached by the Committee is a fine one in so far as a monument is concerned, but it has been suggested that to the qualities of a lasting memorial there might be added a lasting benefit to the deaf of all the future ages. Writing upon the subject Miss Alice Terry recommends the establishment of an artistic magazine to be published in the interests of the deaf of all lands. And, why not? As she says every business, trade, church and association of any importance has its paper or magazine, the deaf, while represented by a number, has not one that is up to the average standard of these publications. What a boon it would be to them if one were furnished! Could there be any better, any more elevating reminder of their benefactor than a magazine published in their interests and for their edification.

Miss Terry's thought is one worthy of earnest consideration. A memorial building would be excellent, but, as Miss Terry says, probably an infinitely small number would ever see it. There would, indeed, be a myriad who would not even know that it was in existence. A magazine, furnished at a nominal price, would do an infinitely greater good to an infinitely greater number. Let us think it over.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

When Commissioner Burk proposed a bird-house contest among the various schools of the city, he scarce could have dreamed of the keen competition that would ensue. That there were fifteen hundred little homes built indicates, for one thing, that there is now a wide-spread interest in vocational training. It shows too an awakened appreciation of the value of the bird to the farmer and to the nation. Perhaps the damage wrought by the cat will be recognized later, and he will get attention also. If the robin is of as great value to the coun-

try as a cow, and experts say that it is, then the cat is about as injurious as a hundred rats and is a malafactor indeed; and the sooner he is belled, has a pretty ribbon tied round his neck and has his depredations confined by the bars of a cage the better; but sufficient for the day is the good thereof, and let us rejoice in the fine shelter our feathered friends will have during the coming season.

Our little wood-workers were among the contestants for the prizes offered by Mr. Burk for the best houses and were fortunate enough to carry off two specials, something that we are all pretty proud of.

NOTICE TO PARENTS, RELATIVES, FRIENDS AND VISITORS

It has been the custom in the past to lavishly entertain parents, relatives, friends and visitors of the pupils of this school on special occasions, such as Decoration Day, Commencement day, Easter, etc. Each time between sixty and one hundred visitors were served. It will be impossible to continue this custom in the future for the following reasons:—

First—The Legislature has for the first time, budgeted the amount of money which can be spent for food.

Second—The amount of this budget is sufficient to provide food for the children only.

Third—In the face of this, the cost of food is advancing.

Fourth—Under these conditions, such entertainments would deprive the pupils of much food.

Fifth—For economic reasons, it has been necessary to close one kitchen. The cooks in the remaining kitchen will find it impossible to prepare food for so many guests.

Sixth—Furthermore, as a war measure, it is the duty of this school to conserve food.

Until further notice, parents, relatives, friends and deaf visitors can secure meals on these special occasions at a cost of 40 cents each, providing they notify the institution at least a week in advance of the occasion.

Provision has been made, however, to serve hot tea and coffee to those who bring their own lunches.

COME AND BRING YOUR LUNCH

The New Jersey School for the Deaf regrets that it finds it impossible to continue its former hospitality owing to war conditions but rejoices in the fact that it can do its bit to help win the war by conserving food.

SLOWER, SWEET JUNE

Slower! sweet June,
Each step more slow;
Linger and loiter as you go;
Linger a little while to dream,
Or see yourself in yonder stream,
Fly not across the summer so.
Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
Oh, slower yet;
It is so long since we have met,
So long ere we shall meet again;
Let the few days that still remain
Be longer, longer, as they flow.
Sweet June! be slow.

Slower! sweet June,
And slower still;
Let all your matchless beauty thrill
My soul; stretch out this day so bright
Far, far, along midsummer's height,
Sweet June! be slow.

N A D F R A T I T I E S

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

SMITH'S FOUR SOLDIER SONS

Where gaunt, grim guns of Germany grumble in
gashly glee
And freeman face the fulsome foe in Flanders'
fields forlorn,
Sons of the deaf, like you and me, press on and on
remorselessly
With hate unpent, with tense intent—Attila's hosts
unhorn.
There Smith's four sons
Grip government guns
To strafe the savages, halt the Huns
And the heathen they suborn.

'Tis ours to till the glade and hill—and scan the lists
of slain,
'Tis ours to toil on virgin soil—in safety here at
home;
To ship our gain of guns and grain to loved ones
cross the turgid main
'Mid shattered glories like to Greece—gone gran-
deurs like to Rome.
'Tis there Smith's sons
Grip government guns
Astraking savages, halting Huns,
Far over the fitful foam.



UT of the many, many deaf parents hav-
ing sons in the service, perhaps the one
most deserving of note is Dr. James
L. Smith, head teacher of the Minne-
sota State School for the Deaf, and
author of what authorities acknowledge the best
compilation of modern idioms in print. He has four
sons. Three are already "over there" and the fourth
—who as Sydney Smith for the past few years played
leads for the Selig-Polyscope films, is at the training
camp in historic old Vancouver.

The list of "Our Sons with the Colors," run regu-
larly in the "Frat," grows longer with every issue.
Many of them will never return. Others will be
maimed. Only a small percentage of the total num-
ber sent over, however; which should give comfort
to many a deaf couple whose sturdy son is repaying
the Nation for the money spent in their education
and in rendering them useful, self-supporting citizens.

The following excerpt from a current magazine
will prove of interest:

"It is authoritatively estimated that there is today
in all the belligerent countries a total of thirteen
million injured by war, of whom three million have
suffered amputations. The following table, compiled
by the Inter-Allied Conference, gives the number of
the various kinds of injuries per thousand wounded
men:

371 injured in hand or arm.
290 injured in foot or leg.
118 blind in one eye.
74 injured in the head.
6 deaf in both ears.
141 affected in other parts of the body with general diseases.
1000 Total."

Figure it out for yourself. 13,000,000 already in-
jured, six out of every 1,000 being totally deaf. That
makes 78,000 more deaf men to begin life anew with
narrowed scope. And our own newly-deaf Sammies
have not begun to arrive yet!

78,000 Deaf from War!!!

H. R. 244—a bill which will enable all the deaf,
both soldier and civilian, to secure work at trades
proven by Federal investigation to be the best for us
—is still in Congress. Write to your Representative
at Washington, D. C., putting the matter up to
him. Also to your Senator in regard to Senate Bill
2443—a similar measure.

DO IT NOW.

Two frats are in the army! In addition to Thomas
J. Murphy, of New York, Boston has a member in
the person of Raymond W. Valaway, who was edu-
cated at Hartford and hears quite well. Valaway
is with a depot unit and will be sent "over there"
very soon.

Then there is another deaf man in uniform, Ed-

ward Ragna, whose success in enlisting in active Y.
M. C. A. work was detailed in this magazine recently.

The Flint Fraters certainly started something when
they prevailed on the powers that be to allow them
to list such deaf men as may possibly be of service.
O. K. Price, of Baltimore, has also been active along
the same line.

As Gibson says: "There does not seem much
chance of our being allowed to do our tweeney-
weeney bit yet, with millions in able-bodied man
power still to draw from, but in the future it may
be different. If the Government ever does want us,
it will want us quick. Meanwhile there is no harm
in trying, and in keeping the public alive to the fact
we deaf are no slackers."

Personally speaking, I have been trying to enlist
in the Tank Corps, which advertises for car drivers
and fighters—especially fighters—and have the au-
thorities organize a flotilla of tanks to be driven
and operated by the deaf. Incased in a steel tank
wherein the discharge of engine and guns renders
hearing unnecessary, it would seem dependence on
visual means of communication would be a help,
not a hindrance.

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love,"

Eke to fishing, sailing, swimming and the thud of
ball in glove;

In the spring the knocker knocketh all except him-
self, eh? Ha!

But the delegate's fond fancy turns to Philadelphia.

Has it ever occurred to you that it is always
the man, or men, who do the most good that receive
the most knocks? Run over a list of the big deaf
men who have done the most good in the councils
of the N. A. D. and the N. F. S. D. the past
decade, and see if it is not so. In the National
Association of the Deaf Hanson, Howard, Cloud,
Spear,—even the meek, wonder-working Hodgson
and Howson—have all been the target of villainous
abuse from those who have never done anything of
real value for our class (and probably never will).
In the Frats Gibson has been the "goat" of more
scurrilous canards than all the rest of the honest,
sincere Fraternalists combined.

Yet they have thrived on the daily dole of cause-
less criticism.

There will be a huge Convention of the N. F. S.
D. at Philadelphia, July 1 to 6, next. Delegates
from all four Pacific coast divisions will be present,
and from almost every point between the two oceans.
The committee having charge of arrangements has
labored to carry out the wishes of the majority, and
has performed a difficult job to the best of its ability.
It is being richly rewarded—in the usual way, i.e.:
the Ancient and Dishonorable Order of Kankaneros
Knockers has begun to criticize everything and any-
thing pertaining to the arrangements.

But every good movement thrives on knocks. The
Philadelphia gentlemen may take comfort in the fact
their good work will be appreciated by the conserva-
tive element—those whose opinions count. As for
the rest—here's a verse from some songster who
evidently knew the breed:

"Pick him up suddenly, lift him on high.
Slam him down hard with a kick on the sly;
Get him alone on some dark stormy night,
Tie both his hands and compel him to fight,
Banish all sympathy far from your breast—
He's just an official who's doing his best."

A Frater, having a horse and wagon, secured a
job in a Western shipyard hauling steel at \$8 per
day. The job required two horses, so he purchased
a second horse for \$110. Three days later, it died.
The Frater thereon resigned the job, declining to
"speculate" in another mare.

This is typical of the reason such a small per-
centage of the deaf become rich. They prefer "sure
things," entirely overlooking the fact that nothing
worth having is ever won without taking some sort
of risk. As Ben Franklin remarked, "Nothing ven-
tured, nothing won."

According to the New Year "Sun" three children
of deaf-mutes were killed by a leaky gas stove.
The account in the "Sun" states that the deaths
resulted because "the parents were deaf." How the
bright reporter arrived at such a conclusion is puz-
zling. We understand that even people with very
sharp hearing cannot hear gas leaking. But with
some reporters anything freakish or sensational, even
if it borders on the ridiculous, will make news.—
Catholic Deaf Mute.

And until our National Association of the Deaf
becomes rich and powerful enough to stop such rid-
iculous absurdities, we will continue to "be the goats"
of such humiliating misinformation. Have you paid
your dues? Have you donated to the Endowment
Fund? If not, why not?

Some of the latest noteworthy achievements of
deaf men—Fraters all—are deserving of note as
typifying the spirit which raises true Americans
above such petty misfortunes as the loss of one or
more senses.

J. Opicka has been appointed foreman of the com-
mercial department of the Bond Outdoor Advertis-
ing company of Toledo, and has started a night class
in hand-lettering for deaf men. His firm will engage
the most capable at good wages as soon as they
show competency.

Fritz Ruckdeschel won second prize in the contest
for War Savings Stamp Posters conducted by the
Rhode Island Defense Council League at the R. I.
School of Design.

John J. Kelly, a crack swimmer with a large case
of medals and trophies, was elected vice-president of
the famous Brookline Swimming Club—reputed the
most celebrated swimming organization in America,
and having several National champions on its roster.

Lloyd Brooks is in charge of a gang of seven
men irrigating 1250-acres of winter wheat at New
Holcomb, Kansas, belonging to a sugar and land
company.

Harry Folckemer turned down a \$3000 per year
salary tendered by an Akron firm, and remains as
general foreman of the Superior Drill company of
Springfield, Ohio. Perry McMurray recently lost the
fingers of his right hand in this plant.

Jack Bertram, whose feat in winning 17 prizes at
poultry shows in the Pacific Northwest a year ago
was accorded a front page story in this magazine,
has removed to Toledo, Ohio, where his white ply-
mouth rocks have already won two first premiums
in big shows. His barn burned recently, several of
his valued fowls being on the funeral pyre.

Jay Cooke Howard had to reorganize his quarter-
million dollar real estate and investment corporation,
on account of the draft taking several of the officers
and depleting his clerical force. The original Im-
postor Chief is now President and Treasurer of the
company, and recently set a high-record price in
central business property in Duluth by completing a
transaction that entailed a payment of over \$65,000.

[With unusual and astounding modesty—quite
foreign to his habitual demeanor—Jimmie "forgot"
to add he himself achieved note also. He won the
National amateur bantamweight championship re-
cently from a large field of the best wrestlers in
America, sustaining a dislocated shoulder in the final
bout, yet throwing his opponent with one arm help-
less, by means of the scissors hold. As the undisput-
ed 108-pound champion of the United States may
heaven pity the poor Impostors.—Ed.]

Who should be envious? Only those of narrow minds; the right kind of deaf men and women regard the triumphs of others as a proof that what they have done we can do also, and as a spur to redoubled efforts to advance in life. "Genius is 10% ability and 90% bull-dog grit," as Edison says.

Have you seen the beautiful new purple and gold N. A. D. buttons sold for fifty cents by Treasurer J. H. McFarlane, School for the Deaf, Talladega, Alabama? It is a swivel-back gold button, once attached to the coat lapel it is impossible for it to work loose and get lost. He jocularly gives the following instructions for affixing same:

- "1—Buttonhole the Nad, catch-as-catch-can rules.
- "2—Bring Nad to attention.
- "3—Unscrew button from card carefully, using thumb and index hold—meantime keeping half-nelson on Nad.
- "4—Insert upper half of button in lapel of coat. Press point through cloth, keeping letters straight.
- "5—Screw lower part of pin onto upper. Change from half-nelson to the Fraternal grip if a Frat; or to the hammerlock if a knocker.
- "6—Slap Nad on the back, telling him he looks better."

Some people say that money talks,
But Edward Rowse opines
If it be true that money talks
It does not talk in signs.

The Reverend Brewster Allabough first sprung a pun that is destined to go ringing down the corridors of time. Speaking of the Prudential Insurance company, whose motto is "Strong as the Rock of Gibraltar," he asserted our National Fraternal Society of the Deaf goes the Prudential one better, as we have Gibson—the "GIB (raltar) of the Frats."

"The night was as still as a deaf-mute convention," sings the funny fellow of the *Chicago Evening American*. That funny fellow ought to be in attendance at the N. F. S. D. Conclave at Philadelphia July 1 to 6, and hear the stilly quietude should an Impostor happen to meander in and pass around his cards asking funds to enter a deaf and dumb asylum.

"The fly lays four times each summer, and eighty eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may number 2,080,320. Now is the time to swat that fly."—*Exchange*.

Who wants a job watching a fly all summer, counting and verifying the census returns?

Humpty-Dumpty, deaf and dumb,
Tramped the ties and looked quite glum;
Choo-choo cars came flurry-skurry,
Sent him hustling in a hurry.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't patch up track-walkers to walk tracks again.

Saw Grand Secretary Francis P. Gibson on the "L" the other night, deeply engrossed in some pictorial. My curiosity aroused by his unusual quietude I cautiously crowded over and peered at the title page. It was "Our Dumb Animals."

Gib is "strictly business," even in his leisure moments.

"The Frats can't be good," quoth John E. Purdum, with that solemn face of his—a face which would make his fortune were he in the undertaking business.

As Brer Purdum is a staunch Frat himself and is known as an incurable wit, we delivered an ultimatum instead of immediately severing diplomatic relations, mobilizing, and "violating his neutrality for strategic reasons."

"No, the Frats simply CAN'T be good," he continued sadly. "You know—no, I don't think a sinner like yourself does—but you ought to know the Good Book says 'The good die young.'"

Well, most of the Frats are living to a ripe old age, as last year only half of the number of deaths occurred that were looked for according to mortality

tables. If they were really good, they would die off fast."

Another time this sad, sad son of the unshed tears remarked, "Weller is nearer to heaven than any of us guys, because he hasn't a hair between himself and heaven." Sure enough, Weller is bald.

Yet the Germans shoot Belgians for less than that!

A World Record Set

A crack deaf crew of tire-finishers in Department 29A of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, recently set a world's record in turning out tires. This crew of six finishers and one inspector, all deaf, turned out 248 tires in eight hours at an intra-plant contest held by the big firm. Each man earned \$10.39 for the day's job, the highest per capita of any crew.

This great feat is indeed a credit to the deaf as efficient workers, and the faith of the Goodyear people in the deaf is amply vindicated. This is so especially when it is known that in an annual inter-factory contest between the Goodyear firm and another noted plant, the latter did not employ the deaf workers and was chagrined to find that it was the silent employees of the rival firm that helped carry off the honors for the Goodyear Company.—Mississippi Bulletin.

Production at the Goodyear plant has fallen off considerably since automobile plants have been forced to decrease their output of pleasure cars thirty per cent or over, and fewer deaf men have lately been engaged. However, when business picks up it is certain the deaf will again be in demand—and if they boycott the rival tire plants in preference to the Goodyear company, which gave them their chance to prove deaf workmen are unsurpassed in certain lines when said rivals would not give them a trial at the meanest occupations, it will be quite in accord with their deserts. Some firms would not give us jobs when we wanted them, nowadays we can afford not to take the jobs when they are offered us.

If ever an academy of immortals is established among the present generation of the deaf, we desire to nominate Pink Smoak of South Carolina for chief of the camouflage department.—Illinois Advance.

As alternate, we suggest Miss Rose Budnitsky of Illinois.—California News.

Or Violet Black, of Vancouver.

"Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way."
—Bridal of Triermain.

Take my counsel, and keep a calm sough, as the Scots say. Hear every man's counsel, and keep your own.—*The Abbot*.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



CATHERINE TERRY
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Terry, of
Hollywood, California

WAR-TIME RECIPES

CONDUCTED BY

MRS. ELEANOR RECORD SIGEL

Our readers are invited to contribute to this department suggestions and recipes that they have found useful and economical in practice.

Baked Macakerel with Cream

Place mackerel after it has been washed and wiped dry in a baking-pan, sprinkle with salt and dredge with a little flour, add a very little water, bake until nearly done then pour over it a cupful of good cream and return to oven and bake until the cream is nearly absorbed.

Casserole of Meat and Rice

Chop any cold meat and season with salt, pepper, onion juice and nutmeg. Add 2 beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon melted drippings or oil. Boil 1 cup of rice for 20 minutes. Line a mould with the rice; fill in with meat; cover with rice. Put cover on mould and cook it in boiling water for three quarters of an hour.

Bread Omelette

One pint of bread crumbs, 1 pint of milk. Soak bread in milk, season with butter, pepper and salt. Add 4 well beaten eggs. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRESERVE CLOSET

Queen of Jams

Mix one pint of rhubarb, skinned and cut fine, one pint of crushed ripe strawberries and 2 pints of granulated sugar. Boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, being careful that it does not stick. Pour into glasses and set in the sun until it is firm.

Strawberry Preserve

Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar and put in preserving kettle in layers. Cook very slowly until the juice is clear and the fruit is soft. Skim thoroughly and can.

Saratoga Jam

6 lbs. stemmed currants	6 lbs. sugar
1 lb. seeded raisins	4 medium-sized oranges

Cut the oranges fine and cook all together for forty minutes or until thick, stirring frequently. Pour into glasses and when cold seal with paraffin.

Rhubarb Jelly

Wash the stalks thoroughly, cut into pieces one inch long, boil to a soft pulp and strain thru a jelly bag. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar, and boil again, skimming often. When the juice jellies on the skimmer, remove from fire and pour into glasses.

Rhubarb Marmalade

4 lbs. rhubarb	6 lbs. sugar
1 cup water	1/4 lb. walnut meats
4 lemons (juice)	1/2 cup raisins

Cut the rhubarb fine and cook with water and juice of 3 lemons five minutes after it begins to boil, add the sugar, raisins and walnut meats and boil until thick, which will not take very long.

Gooseberry Jam

To each quart of stemmed and hulled berries allow one quart of sugar and one cup of water. Make a syrup and when it boils stir in the fruit, mash it and cook for half an hour.

Pickled Plums

6 lbs. damson plums	1 pint vinegar
3 1/2 lbs. sugar	1 tablespoon cinnamon
1/2 tablespoon allspice	1/2 tablespoon cloves

Remove the stones from the plums, boil the vinegar, sugar and ground spices, add plums and boil slowly for thirty minutes. Seal while hot.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

John Finley---Treasury of War Poetry

Wherever war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes
There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence, its ravages makes,
Thither I fly.

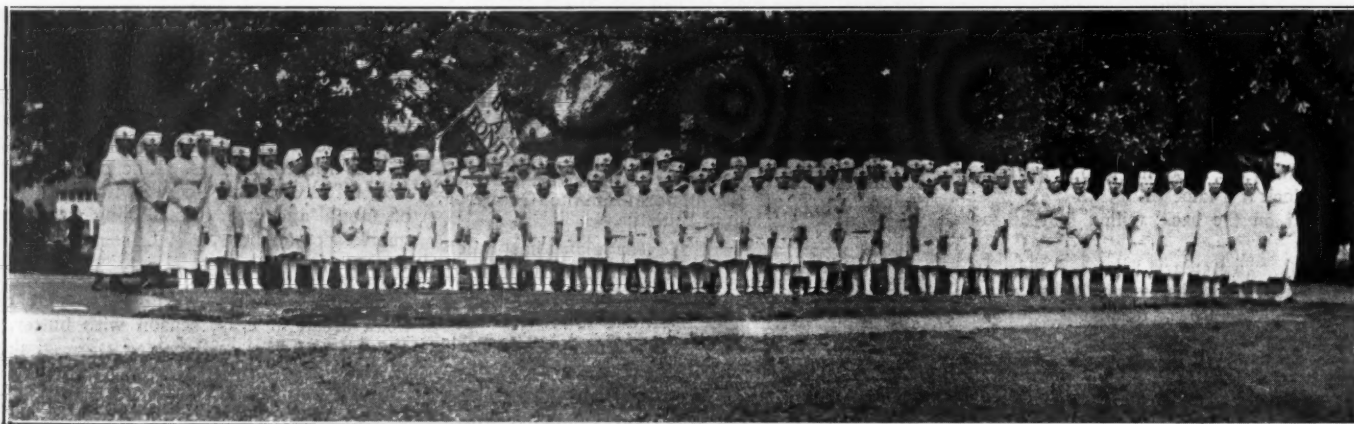
I kneel behind The Soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shamble's smear and stench,
The dead I mourn;
I hear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz, Pierre and Jack to mend
What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give—

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitalier knights I bore
The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
Your aviator.

The Cross which on my arm I wear,
The Flag which on my breast I bear,
Is but the sign;
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.



GIRLS OF THE ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF JUNIOR RED CROSS DRESSED FOR LIBERTY LOAN PARADE

DEAF-MUTE LISTENS TO HOFMAN WITH HIS FEET

When one hears of the steps that people less fortunate than the large majority of us take to acquire for themselves those pleasures and enjoyments which to us are entirely free and natural, one gets an appreciation of the gifts which are ours for the taking. Some time ago at a theatre in Seattle Josef Hofman, the pianist, gave a recital. About six feet away from him right on the stage, sat a boy intently listening to the vibrating chords of the instrument. There was nothing strange in that; the music was enough to warrant the attention of anybody. The wonder, however, is the fact that instead of hearing the music through the vibrations of the sound waves beating upon his ear drums, this boy heard it thru the stimulus that the vibrations made upon the nerve centres of his feet. He was a deaf mute. He had come to hear the great musician perform and had been allowed by special permission to sit on the stage with his shoes removed so that he might hear the music. The boy had been studying music for a long time and had been making a special study of Rachmaninoff's C sharp Prelude. That was one of the numbers on Hofman's program. That the boy heard, was impressed and took note of the master's rendition, was later proven by the changes he made in his own interpretation.

The incident is strange and worthy of thought. How the boy discovered his unique method of "hearing" is not told. Whether it was a chance or logic that made him find a way is unknown. From the logical point of view, however, there seems to be something to back up the apparent strangeness of the event. The sole of the foot is known to be one of the most highly sensitive spots of the body. One may perhaps take it for granted then, that it is as greatly sensitive to sound stimuli as it is to those of touch. It is also well known that among those lacking one of the essential senses, it has been found that the others are unusually acute. Whether or not the peculiarity of the boy mentioned is true of all deaf mutes, science has not yet discovered. It is a question worthy of study, however, for the love and appreciation of music among those who cannot hear is one of the paradoxes of our time.—*The Canadian*.

LEEPER-HOFFMAN

Two popular young people were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Saturday, April 20, 1918. The contracting parties were Mr. Bartram Gailbrath Leeper, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., and Miss Anna Martha Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoffman, of Deep River, Conn. The wedding was solemnized in Christ Church, Hartford, Conn., the officiating clergyman being Rev. Colloday who was assisted by Mr. W. H. Durian, lay reader. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Ida Hoffman,



Mr. and Mrs. Bartram Gailbrath

and the best man was Mr. Philip Quinn, Jr., an intimate friend of the groom. Only the immediate family of the bride and groom witnessed the nuptials. The couple left immediately after the ceremony for a brief wedding trip to Albany, Utica, Rome and Pittsfield, Mass. After their return they will at once start housekeeping in a cosy flat at 139 Fountain St., New Haven, that has been prepared for the coming of the bride. The bride received her education at the Hartford, Conn., School for the Deaf, graduating with honor with the class of 1911. Several pre-nuptial events were held in her honor at which the couple received many useful gifts.

The groom is a graduate of the Rome School, Class of 1909, being valedictorian of his Class. In

addition to his literary course, he learned the printer's trade while in school and became an expert typesetter and pressman. He is the assistant foreman in a large munition factory at New Haven, Conn., a position he has held ever since he graduated and is considered a most valued employee. The young couple have the best wishes of a host of friends for a pleasant voyage on the matrimonial sea.—*Rome, N. Y., Register*.

DON'TS FOR WORKERS

Don't be afraid to make one last real effort after many failures—for it is the one that most often makes the lasting success.

Don't worry about your work, for worry expends more energy than the hardest kind of work.

Don't keep tab on your neighbor's work: You cannot run his job and your own at the same time.

Don't laugh at any other man's weakness or stupidity. If you hunt carefully you may find some of your own.

Don't worry if you are not advanced quickly—the man who goes up like a skyrocket often falls like crash of thunder.

Don't worry wherever you are put in this world—remember it is you who decides if you are to have a fighting chance.

Don't apologize for your mistakes, and don't make the same mistake a second time.

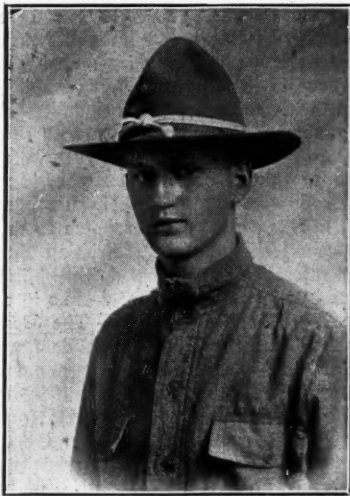
Don't tell a man what you can do, but show him, for it saves both his time and yours.

Don't carry your troubles on your face, for it is only a laugh and a smile that improve work.

Don't try to succeed by schemes; they are too full of snares—hard work is a slower but surer road.

Don't neglect the small things about your work, for one small thing usually mars the whole.—*Santa Fe Magazine*.

Deafness has not prevented a remarkable 15 years old girl from becoming master of the piano. Despite her affliction and her youth, Miss Leah Wagner, of Salt Lake, Utah, has startled critics with her rendition of concertos and extremely difficult piano numbers. She says her tone expression is gauged by the vibrations of the keys—through the senses of touch.—*Binghamton Press*.



Volunteer Private Joseph H. Marksbury, Jr., Co. A., 140 Infantry, Division 35; aged 19, son of Mrs. J.H. Marksbury, of Kansas City, Missouri. Trained at Camp Domphan, Okla., and later stationed at Camp Mills, Hemsted, Long Island, prior to going over seas.

Sons of Deaf Parents in The War Service



George M. Van Allen, 613th Overseas Aero Squadron. U. S. Signal Corps. Son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. Van Allen, Utica, N. Y., Aged 19—a volunteer.



David Delroy, eldest son of Mrs. Eva Delroy, of Troy, N. Y., blacksmith in Aeronautical division, now in France.



Samuel Hutton, deaf-mute, of Port Dickinson, N. Y., is now in England. Last July 3, he enlisted in the Canadian Engineers Corps and went over to England and then turned to the British Army. His wife, Mrs. Edith Hutton, is very proud of him because he is the first deaf-mute from the United States.

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

Behold thy country's ensign fair!
Its silken folds of red and white;
Its azure field and stars of light;
A nation's pride, a people's care!

What see'st thou in each dear fold?
The symbols of our nation's story—
Its well-fought wars and deeds of glory?
Its boundless fame and wealth untold?

Its roll of great and glorious names—
Men who have made our country free,
Who gave us priceless liberty,
And whom we hail with loud acclaims?

All this thou see'st, and more, far more.
This emblem waves above a land
That loves to lend a helping hand
To men that live beyond our shore;

A land where each may work and strive,
Free from the bonds of creed or race;
Free to gain an honored place,
Where seeds of love and kindness thrive.

A land avoiding selfish war,
Fighting to make the whole world free;
A land of opportunity
To those who seek the open door. M. K.

NEW JERSEY NEWS NOTES

Arthur Ellison, formerly of Elmira, N. Y., is now employed at the General Electric Co., in Newark.

Mrs. Clara Roberts, of Carlstadt, has not yet recovered from the injuries which she sustained from a fall early last January.

Quite a number of the New Jersey deaf are employed in the ship building yards at Port Newark, also in the great aeroplane factory at Elizabeth, some of them making as high \$80.00 per week. Never before have the deaf had such glorious opportunities at making big money as now. The ladies, too, are doing their "bit" by working for the Red Cross.

Hartley Davis, of Salem, is now making from \$25 to \$35 per week in the Glass Works of that place.



Volunteer Private Thomas K. Garth, Company E, 138 Regiment, aged 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Garth, of Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo. Recently left Camp Domphan, Okla., for service overseas.

INVENT NEW DEVICES TO PROTECT SOLDIERS

Washington, May 13.—American doctors have invented a device for the protection of soldiers' eardrums. It is believed to be superior to any produced by any nation at war.

The secret of the new protective device is closely guarded, but within a short time every man serving under General Pershing will be equipped with a set.

Altho pleased with the invention, officers admit that it cannot be depended upon to prevent deafness and intimate that when the full strength of America is felt in the war at least 5000 men will be rendered totally or partially deaf by the heavy gunfire every year.

Arrangements are almost completed for opening the new army hospital for deaf-mutes at Cape May, N. J. Thru the co-operation of the American Association to Promote Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, six teachers are ready for service. They will teach the returning soldiers lip-reading. The men will not be permitted to learn the hand signs, as most deaf persons now converse solely by lip reading.—*The North American*, May 14, 1918.

In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat about twice as much as nature requires.—*Franklin*.

BIGGEST CANDLE EVER MADE

A candle more than 11 feet high and weighing over 200 pounds was made a few years ago to be burned before the altar of St. Biagio in St. Peter's, Rome. The candle, which was made of bees wax, which embossed with fine gold leaf and carved by a skilled artist, cost \$950. It was estimated that it would burn continuously for six years. In making it the wick was tied to the arm of a derrick 25 feet high and dipped 16 times daily into a vast of molten wax below. In all 200 dippings were required to make it of the desired size.

Content with poverty my soul arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
—*Dryden*.

THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



THE next convention of the New Jersey Association of the Deaf is only three months away. In the absence of a tentative program, and as the Silent Worker will soon temporarily cease publication, I shall throw out some hints. But please take warning that my ideas are personal and my information unofficial.

The convention will be held in Trenton, on Labor Day at the school for the deaf.

Of course, of course! What do I mean? I mean that the Jenkins matter will overshadow all else on the program. Everything is settled except who will be selected to do the unveiling. The chairman wishes that honor to be conferred on the first living female pupil who ever entered the New Jersey School for the Deaf. Who is she? At present this question is as remote from solution as, How old is Ann? Dear me, but there's hoping our hall will not present a lean appearance. Yes, that's it—fill him up, boys! fill him up, girls! let him stretch out to the belt! That will give comfort plus. For our part, we will stretch our necks. Then behold! behold the bronze face of Weston Jenkins smiling down on us! Someone, I fancy, will whisper: "My, but what good color he has—wonder if he got it from Old Sol rather than from Hannan." "You are right," another replies; "for as the sun is the founder of our planetary system, it must needs imprint its likeness on the founder of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and the upholder of the combined system." And there will be cheers and there will be rejoicing; and before long the bronze tablet will have settled down to an endless career, revered by the deaf and respected by every hearing person who, like Jenkins, is a staunch friend of the deaf.

Yes, friends, other matters. But they are for the most part locked up in the head of the honorable president. I shall, however, release my own jail-birds; not only to encourage the practice of shooting, so much needed in these belligerent days, but to afford my fellow members time enough to chew and agility enough to duck the indigestion. That's fair, isn't it? Well—

There are five propositions which I submit as worthy of consideration. They are: (1) more members; (2) annual meetings instead of biennial; (3) affiliation with the N. A. D.; (4) the creating of a normal department in the New Jersey School so as to insure competent teachers for the deaf, and (5) a strong insistence on a continuance of the combined system in said school.

(1) There are some 700 deaf in New Jersey and the pity of it is not too are members of our state association. Encouraging news for the pure oralists. Scientists say that millions of years remain before this good old world comes to an end. Encouraging news for the deaf. It is true that before a membership of 500 is attained many of us will be in "six feet," but it is also true that a little inspiration and mutual activity will work wonders. Wake up! Become a member of the N. J. A. D., or if you are already one, help get more members.

(2) To one who craves incessant activity two years is a pretty long lapse of time. After every N. J. A. D. convention he says to himself, "Since the next one is two years coming, I shall in the meantime fall asleep, and with Mahomet's help not oversleep." Life is short, so let's not be idle. Let's have our conventions yearly, else let's go to bed.

(3) The difference between a national organization and a state organization is like that of a lion and a lamb. So long as any state deaf-organization prefers a lamb condition, little or

nothing will be accomplished. Let it partake of the lion, let it become affiliated with a national organization, and the chances of attaining its object will increase forty-eight fold. That is, if the N. A. D. has branch organizations in all the states. At present the N. A. D. is a lion cub. Even at that she can lick all the lambs, that is, all the existing state organizations.

(4) Every intending hearing teacher of the deaf should be familiar, both theoretically and practically, with all the methods, employed in their education. As such is seldom the case, a department should be maintained for that purpose in every school for the deaf. Many deaf schools are strangely committed to the folly of accepting young and inexperienced hearing teachers, who resign in a few years either to get married or to get more money. Nor is this all. A common school education for the hearing ends with a high school course; but a deaf school usually stops short of such a course. Why?

The excuse is given that the deaf learn much slower than the hearing. Perhaps so, but why? It has never been proven that loss of hearing incapacitates the mind from acquiring knowledge. Helen Keller has demonstrated that even with the loss of sight it is possible to earn a university degree. The mind of a deaf person has in it just as good soil as a hearing person's. Why then does the deaf mind grow slower? The explanation apparently lies elsewhere. Inexperienced teachers and inapplicable methods make strong presumptive evidence.

When the good Abbe de l'Epee invented signs and the manual alphabet he must have had no other reason than that speech is too unsuitable for the deaf. Since then the pure oralists have been unwittingly demonstrating that he was right; they have since been in the ascendancy and all the while they have been asserting that educating the deaf is at best a difficult business.

As long as oralism is given the preference, educating the deaf will be a difficult business. Improvement will be slow, very slow—like that of a hearing class under a deaf teacher. Speech, so far as the deaf are concerned, bears a supplemental value. It should not be made the basis of any deaf-educational system.

(5) But enough said.

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Apropos of the controversy over the word "semi-mute," I wish to say that I would rather acknowledge Mr. Pach right than waste time on a trifling matter. I hope this will be my last contribution on that subject, though by no means intended as a final decision to which all must bow. I do not pretend to attach absolute certainty to my arguments; they are meant as provisional only, and on almost every subject my aim has been one—to shed some light.

Mr. Pach's point is, that the word "semi-mute" is a misnomer for a person who can speak, who owes his deafness to sickness or accident and after having enjoyed considerable hearing experience. Mine is, that it is immaterial whether any word sounds right or wrong in so far as it possesses a power to conjure up the thing it represents, and to help facilitate one's use of language. Mr. Pach will of course not deny that such a thing as "a person who owes his deafness to sickness or accident" exists. Now, our desire is to communicate that thing to other minds with the least effort and with the best chances of being understood. You can assure yourselves that whenever you use "semi-mute" almost every reader of the Silent Worker will immediately understand what you mean—will understand that you mean a person who owes his deafness to sickness or accident. If on the other hand you use "deaf," the readers will be at a loss whether you mean an adventitiously deaf person or a congenitally deaf person. This leads me to a few observations on classification.

Mr. Pach's classification of the deaf has the appearance of being faulty. He places the genus

among the species. I will furnish some examples of proper classification. Let the genus be Animal; and the species are, man and beast. Let the genus be Man; and the species are, with reference to color—white man, black man, yellow man, etc; with reference to nationality—American, Englishman, Frenchman, etc; with reference to trade—printer, machinist, shoemaker, etc; with reference to talent—poet, philosopher, scientist, etc; with reference to religion—Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, etc; with reference to religious creed—Catholic, Protestant, Christian Scientist, etc; with reference to physical defect—blind man, deaf man, one-legged man, etc; and so in endless variety. Now let the genus be, The Deaf; the species then are, the adventitious deaf and the congenital deaf—or, to use the popular and briefer form, semi-mutes and deaf-mutes. But Mr. Pach's classification is, genus—the Deaf; species—deaf and deaf-mutes. That will not do.

Our esteemed New York correspondent insists that a person who can speak, even if it be but one word, is not entitled to be called a "mute." Mr. Pach evidently confounds that word with the word "dumb." But suppose the "mute" part be dropped from the word "deaf-mute" (for a deaf-mute can learn to speak much more than one word), Mr. Pach's classification will have to modify itself accordingly: thus, genus—The Deaf; species—deaf and deaf; which is no classification at all.

But assuming that Mr. Pach's original classification is correct, it will not help us to a right use of English. We do not say, A "deaf" is a person who once enjoyed possession of the sense of hearing. The use of the word in the singular is therefore out of question; moreover, it is an adjective and has no reference to a thing but to an attribute of a thing. To make it a noun we must transform it into "deafie." This however, I imagine, is too repulsive to most minds, and a fit companion for the word "dummy." Better use "deaf person." But what is a deaf person? A deaf person is one who lacks the sense of hearing: a deaf-mute lacks the sense of hearing; therefore, a deaf-mute is a deaf person. But this confounds a congenitally deaf person with an adventitiously deaf person. Thus much for the singular; now for the plural.

To give the word "deaf" a plural significance, the article "the" must accompany it; thus, "the deaf." How then are we to distinguish a species from the genus? for, according to Mr. Pach's classification, the plural for a certain part of the deaf has the same form as the deaf taken as a whole: both have, "the deaf." Perhaps it will be suggested that a capital letter be given the genus and a small letter the species; thus, genus—the Deaf; species, the deaf. This will certainly lessen ambiguity; but observe the following sentence: The deaf are those of the Deaf who at first enjoyed full possession of the sense of hearing and then lost it through either sickness or accident. This is good English with a bad countenance. Observe again: Semi-mutes are those deaf who at first enjoyed full possession of the sense of hearing and then lost it through either sickness or accident. This is good English with a good countenance.

I am, willing to admit that the word "semi-mute" is absurd and unmeaning considered by itself; and only when it does good service for its principal and to the English language do I hesitate to think ill of it. "But," says Pach, "calling a person who is deaf a semi-mute doesn't make him one any more than the tail makes the fifth leg of a horse." But if our forefathers had made the word "leg" to stand for "that part of an animal consisting of the termination of the spinal or vertebral column," we would now be using it in that sense. Words are mere conveniences. Columbus named the aborigines of this country "Indians," thinking he had reached the eastern shores of India; we now call the people of India "Hindoos" in order not to confound

them with the people whom Columbus mistakenly named. America too got her name by mistake. A German geographer named her after an Italian discoverer, Amerigo Vespucci (in Latin, Americus Vesputius), and unaware of the fact that Columbus and Cabot had the precedence. Today "America" and "Indians" are old familiars, the one dear to the liberty lover and the other to the small boy. I suppose we should give up "semi-mute" as perhaps one more word born of error.

The whole trouble seems to center around a misunderstanding of the word "mute." Mr. Pach uses it for "inability to speak." But we have a word for that purpose, the word "dumb." The word "mute" means "disinclination to speak." It is a fact that the deaf are not so much inclined to speak as are the hearing; hence they are sometimes called "mutes." Those deaf who had hearing experience are of course less disinclined to speak than those who have been deaf from birth; hence they are sometimes called "semi-mutes." It is quite natural for a born-deaf person to hesitate at speaking; he feels himself at the threshold of a labyrinth, and loath to enter, until presently a gentleman comes along and offers something as a substitute for the sense of hearing; this gentleman then recites "Alice in Wonderland" and, after obtaining a pittance, gives our friend a good strong push into the intricate palace. It happens that a semi-mute, by virtue of a greater confidence born of some hearing experience, enters the labyrinth unaided. There he spies our friend the deaf-mute talking to everybody, and wonder of wonders! everybody seems to understand him. He then goes to a hearing person our friend had just spoken to, inquires what he said, and receives either a shrug of the shoulders or a ludicrous misinterpretation.

A few more reflections and then I'll conclude this essay. In using words three things are to be taken into consideration; they are—custom, the character of the minds addressed, and individual choice. The customary English word for "that animal which is most commonly used for draft and in war" is "horse"; by using this word everyone who reads English will understand you; by using "cheval," only those who know French will; and by using "chorza," a word of my own invention for the same animal, nobody will understand you and you defeat the object of language. The customary division of the deaf is into the adventitious deaf and the congenital deaf, or into semi-mutes and deaf-mutes; the former is more precise, the latter more popular. It is best to use the former among the hearing, who know little of the deaf, and among the learned, who demand precision; the mind that uses it for any other purpose shows an inclination for elephantine expressions. The latter and more popular form will fit best in a magazine like the Silent Worker, which goes little to the hearing and whose readers are not all men of learning. But take your choice. Every man to his taste. The man who loves limburger cheese is just as much entitled to his taste as the man who loves honey and gets a toothache in the bargain. Thank heaven! men are of different tastes or there'd be no chance of winning the girl! one loves.

OF INTEREST TO THE NEW JERSEY DEAF

The following list of marriages and deaths among the deaf of New Jersey was sent us by Miss E'hel Collins, of Barnegat, after considerable research covering quite a good many years, which we believe will interest our New Jersey readers. Of course the list is not complete and it is hoped that others will supply us with missing names and other data so that as complete a record as it is possible to make can be maintained by the school.

MARRIAGES

Josie Hattersley—Reuben Stephenson, Oct. 18, 1898.

Emma Jefferson—Wallace Cook, May 2, 1907.
Lucy Blackwell—Wm. Miles, 1898 or 1899.
Victoria Hunter—Isaac Bowker, Jan. 2, 1900.
Josie Scholl—John Black, 1900.
Martha Bradley—Stratton,
Retta Hendershot—Frank Lenox, Aug. 12, 1902.
Ella Wolter—Wm. J. Waldron, Oct. 22, 1902.
Ella Wolter—Edward Daubner,
Florence Menow—John Ward, Nov. 26, 1903.
Ada Vanness—Paul Kees,
Emma Beesley—Biber, Dec. 25, 1899.
Eva Hunter—Louis Carty,
Eva Hunter—Frank Wagner, Dec. 22, 1906.
Carrie Aspinwall—Eugene McCarthy, April 18, 1906.
Lena Schaublein—Frederick Herring, April 16, 1906.
Katie Kimpel—Jacob Freck, May 1903.
Grace Redman—Dwyer, (Mass.)
Grace Redman—Gus Matzart, Nov. 29, 1905.
Ruth Redman—Richard Erdman, Feb. 28, 1906.
Hattie Dixon—Martin Glynn, Nov. 26, 1906.
Elsie Crawford—Fritz Moeller, April 9, 1904.
Elizabeth Weeks—Wm. Bennisson, Aug. 20, 1904.
Jennie Schweizer—Marvin Hunt, Sept. 7, 1904.
Hannah Adams—Johnson,
Theresa Sheridan—Schermann,
Maud Horner—George Shannon, June 9, 1906.
Lottie Tilton—Chas. Jones, May 29, 1906.
Annie Gaydos—Trimpet, Aug. 1906.
Ida Brod—William Meisinger, Oct. 10, 1906.
Cora Hammell—York,
Fanny Brown—Stephen Dundon,
Theresa Smith—James P. Ward, June 29, 1907.
Etta Redner—Newcomer, June, 1907.
Lillian Isley—Alfred King, May, 1907.
Bessie Sutphin—Chas. Hummer, June 3, 1908.
Minnie Brede—Nov. 1907.
Nellie Tracy—F. A. Brown, Feb. 1908.
Carrie Aschenbrenner—Jenkins,
—George Gaddis,
Lizzie Hartman—James Brands, June 13, 1908.
Lulu Daberkow—Frederick Donus, Nov. 14, 1908.
Lillian Vickery—Julius Aaron,
Lena Stadeloffer—John Geiger, Feb., 1909.
Emily Agnes Thorman—Frank Winter, April 14, 1909.
Lillian Shaw—Edward Ellsworth, April 21, 1909.
Aritz Hendershot—Frank Wilson, Nov. 26, 1909.
Annie McLaughlin—Robert Patterson, Jan. 1913.
Jennie—Henry Herbst,
Annie Ernest—Jacob Herbst,
—Irvin Boileau,
Grace L. Apgar—Ira Worcester, March 27, 1912.
Josie Burke—McCallahan, 1911.
—Chas. Schlipp,
Maude Griffith—Geo. Wainwright, July 3, 1915.
Marie Sieben—Edward Bradley, Dec. 30, 1914.
Jemima Smith—Fred Bouton, June 3 or 5, 1917.
—David Simmons, Sept. 1914.
—Harry Redman, May 30, 1917.
Mrs. Jennie McKerhan—Chas. Cascella, Aug. 30, 1914.
Katie Stetser—Wm. Craig, March 5, 1914.
Edna VanWagoner—George Rigg,
—Arthur Blake, June, 1914.
Vallie Gunn—Carmine Pace, March 24, 1917.
Sadie Penrose—Golden,
—George Penrose,
—William Dietrich,
—Harry Smith,
—Frey—Isaac Lowe,
—Roy Townsend,
Elizabeth Taylor—Wesley Brees, Oct. or Nov. 1914.
—Howlett—Roy Burdall, Aug. 1916.
Minnie Mickel—Jay Cooke Howard, May, 1899.
Jennie Palmeri—Frank Percella,
—Gaspere Azzariti,
Lillie Hamilton—Frank Johnson, May 12, 1915.
—Charles Burt,
—Frank Weiss, 1896.
Mildred Fern—Robert Conley, Jan. 24, 1918.
Sarah Hartman—Edward Wesler, Dec. 22, 1917.
Edith Hall—Thomas Crowell, Dec. 21, 1916.
Maude Thompson—Paul Bengsch, Sept. 30, 1916.
Mary Hanlon—Alexander Knipe, 1914.
Anna Bissett—Anthony Zachman, 1913.

DEATHS (At Home)

Harry Roberts, Bordentown, Spring 1895, consumption.
John Ryan, Hoboken, poison.
Walter Hartman, Oxford, Summer 1894, hemorrhage.
Lewis Henrich, Hoboken, consumption.
Charles Hoff, South River,
Estella Boileau, Camden,
Sadie Cassidy, East Orange, March 16, 1902.
Florence Ellis, Burlington, May, 1902, quick consumption.
Dennis McGarry, Tenafly, 1899 or 1900, injured ribs from football.
Louis Carty, Florence, March 26, 1904, pneumonia.
Thomas A. Taggart, East Orange, July 13, 1904, consumption.
Jos'e Gusley, Elizabeth, 1904, consumption.
Andrew Borsch, Trenton, Sunday, 1904, drank bottle of aconite, mistaken for whiskey.
Jennie Temple, Trenton, April 4, 1904, consumption.
Ralph Winder, Lawrenceville, 1905, consumption.

Otto Krause, Newark, Summer 1902, killed by train.
Maggie Logan, Haddonfield, Aug. 3, 1903, killed by train.
Mrs. Lewis Garreston, Trenton,
Mr. Lewis Garreston, Trenton, Feb. 24, 1906, lung trouble.
Mrs. Wallace Cook, first wife, Asbury Park, March 2, 1906, acute peritonitis.
Mrs. Jay C. Howard, first wife, Duluth, Minn., May 17, 1902.
May Adams, Trenton, April, 1900, consumption.
Wm. Gallagher, Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 1906, killed by trolley car.
Wm. Hall, Burlington, Aug. 7 or 8, 1907, killed by train.
Mary Carrigan, Paterson, Dec. 16, 1907, burned.
Charlie Baeder, Newark, killed by train.
Chas. Lawrenz, Newark, 1907 or 1908, hemorrhage.
Lily Gano, Somerville, March 21, 1909, consumption.
Chas. Tumm, Trenton, March 29, 1909, consumption.
Harry Rigg, Burlington, 1908, consumption.
Maggie Harper, Gloucester City, heart failure.
Cora Hammell York, Frankford, Phila., Sept. 11, 1912.
Lillian Johnson, Middletown, N. Y., July, 1914, tuberculosis.
Katie Stester Craig, Collingswood, May, 1914, quick consumption.
James Lawton, Paterson,
Harry Loveless, Chesapeake, Md., Feb., 1903, killed by trolley car.
Michael Condon, Hoboken, 1895, consumption.
Mrs. David Simmons, Rahway, March 13, 1918.
Mrs. Harry Smith, Colorado, Jan. 7, 1918.
Chas. Fav, Bridgeport, consumption.
Minnie Brede, Jersey City, Nov., 1917, cancer.
Walter Hedden, Trenton, Mar. 21, 1913, consumption.
Michael Murray, consumption.
Joseph Adlon, Newark, tuberculosis.
Kate Lumm, March 27, 1893.
Theresa Sheridan and husband both burned to death.
Mary Cheeseman,
R. B. Lloyd, Feb. 9, 1912, neuralgia of the heart.

DIED (At School)

Lizzie Cassidy, East Orange, Nov. 14, 1894, diphtheria.
Hannah Herbst, Jersey City, Nov. 1894, diphtheria.
Anna Lewis, Paterson, May 1895, diphtheria.
Minnie Green, Hamburg, 1897, abscess in ear.
Addie Lord, Camden, May 30, 1896.
Jennie Cohen, Newark, Feb. 24, 1900, fall.
Jefferson Lewis, Pointville, March 7, 1893.
Chester Hennemier, Jersey City, Feb. 25 or 26, 1895.
Marvin King, Lake Como, April 21, 1893, pneumonia.
David Carlson,
Louis Bausman, Camden, June 4, 1916, killed by train.

DEAF-MUTE IN THE JUNK BUSINESS

Moses J. Graff, of Kalamazoo, Mich., a native of Riga, Russia, sailed with his parents, of Russian Jewish stock, at the age of seven years. The family proceeded to Bay City, Mich., to take up residence in the Jewish quarter. They were uneducated in English, in spite of which difficulty they started business in peddling. In after years they moved to a farm in Bad Axe, Mich., where they did farming for seven years, and from thence to Kalamazoo in the summer of 1899. Moses followed the family round in moving till they were permanently settled in Kalamazoo. He was sent to the Flint State School late in his age, and he had great disadvantage in acquiring an education and a trade in nine years. For a trade he learned cabinet and carving work.

He left school, although he had not taken a thorough course, and quickly obtained a good job with Gibson Mandolin and Guitar Co., here. He held it excellently for five years.

In the meanwhile his father was building up a junk business, and the demands of a growing business induced him to build a more extensive warehouse on the railway tracks, and a company was formed and incorporated under State laws with a capital of \$40,000.

Rapid growth of the junk business made it necessary to have a firm; namely, David Graff and Sons. Three sons joined, among whom was Moses, who resigned his position with Gibson Mandolin & Guitar Co., and joined with his father. The firm has many contracts, largely with Kalamazoo and Otsego paper mills and eastern iron scrapping mills.

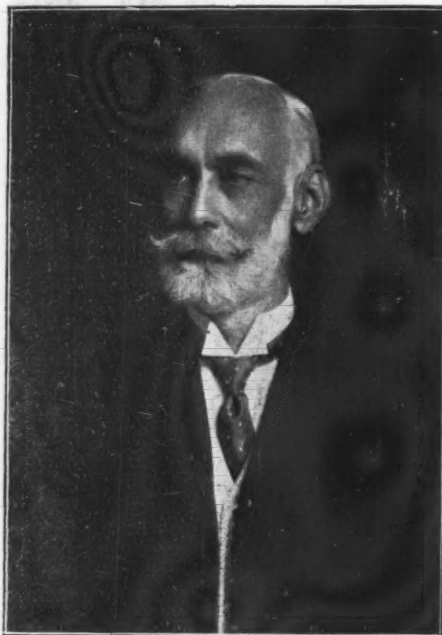
Moses is a rising young man, single, of good character and good habits.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Our life is full of discord; but by forbearance and virtue this same discord can be turned to harmony.—*James Ellis*.

The Jenkins Memorial Fund

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George S. Porter, Chairman
John Black Mrs. M. Glynn
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THE LATE WESTON JENKINS

Born December 20th, 1845. Died April 12th,
Easter day, 1914.
First Superintendent of the New Jersey School
for the Deaf.—1883-1899.

*He made a loving sacrifice of life
To broaden it for those to whom its gate
Stood narrowly ajar, made hard the strife,
With shadowing mysteries of human fate.*

Bulletin No. 30

Contributions to the Jenkins Memorial Fund was closed with Bulletin No. 29, when the sum of \$197.00 was reached, exceeding the amount (\$185) necessary to pay the sculptor for his work. Since then additional contributions have been coming in all of which has been returned to the senders. DO NOT send any more money.

Mr. Wallace Cook has been engaged to make the unveiling address. He was one of the early pupils during Mr. Jenkins' regime and is well qualified to make an address worth listening to.

The question of who was the first pupil to enter the school has been settled. The information is advanced by the Mrs. Isabell V. Jenkins. Miss Josephine Hattersley (now Mrs. Stephenson) was the first pupil enrolled, with Miss Victoria Hunter, (now Mrs. Bowker,) a close second. Therefore Mrs. Stephenson will be selected to unveil the tablet.

A note from Mr. Hannan says that he is making good progress on the tablet, so it is safe to say everything will be ready for the unveiling on Labor Day unless unforeseen war conditions should prevent.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

A JOB FOR THE DEAF

The minister of armament, recognizing their services rendered to the national defense, has issued a circular to director of hand labor in munition factories, ordering them to prevent discrimination against deaf and dumb applicants for employment as mechanics, it being officially recognized that their infirmity is in no wise a hindrance except in posts when they would be brought into contact with the public.—*Silent Hoosier.*

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. R. C. Stephenson, President of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf, announces that the eleventh biennial convention will be held at the school in Trenton, Labor Day, September the second, nineteen eighteen. The convention will open promptly at ten o'clock in the morning. Several well known educators and workers among the deaf will give addresses. Mr. Pope, Superintendent of the School, has gladly given his consent to the use of the buildings and grounds by the Association that day.

The most important item in the program will be the unveiling of a bronze tablet of our late friend and benefactor, Professor Weston Jenkins. See Bulletin No. 30 of the Jenkins Memorial Fund for tentative program which will be added to or changed according to developments.

Mrs. Jenkins and her family will be with us, if possible, and will be happy to meet her old friends and the pupils of the school.

Another notice will follow in the next issue of the Worker.

The convention is to be the big event of the year in New Jersey, so all should try to be present.

NEW JERSEY MEMBERS OF THE N. A. D. Bulletin No. 2

Beadell, W. W.	Arlington
Breese, Miss Clara	Eatontown
Campbell, Miss Anna	Trenton
Dirkes, Albert E.	Union Hill
Ellison, Arthur	Newark
Gompers, George K. S.	Trenton
Hansen, Hans P.	Hoboken
Kent, Miss Annabelle	East Orange
Nutt, Frank	Trenton
Pease, Lorraine B.	Plainfield
Porter, George S.	Trenton
Simmons, David	Rahway
Souweine, Mrs. E.	Grantwood
Stemple, Miss May S.	Merchantville
Stengele, Henry	Plainfield
Stevens, Harry E.	Merchantville
Sweeney, Miles	Trenton

All progressive deaf people of the State are urged to climb into THE NEW JERSEY BAND WAGON and help BOOST the National Association of the Deaf.

An initiation fee of \$1.00 will entitle you to membership. See advertisement.

The names of new members will be added to the Bulletins that follow.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
State Organizer.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.
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We are offering steady and summer employment to mutes over 18 years for Government work, and regular lines. This work is especially desirable for mutes. We are now employing about four hundred. Our factory operates six days per week, on three eight-hour shifts. While learning operations we pay you 35 cents per hour plus 10% bonus on all wages for steady attendance computed in weekly periods. After learning the work, which takes from one to six weeks, you are able to earn from \$3 to \$6 per day and better.

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Photographs of Conventions and Outings.
Photographs of Children of Deaf Parents.
Photographs of the Deaf in Business.
Photographs of the Deaf engaged in unusual occupations.
Photographs of the New Jersey Deaf with brief sketches.

Photographs of Prominent Deaf Persons.
These can be used in THE SILENT WORKER from time to time as occasion permits.

THE SILENT WORKER is bound to be bigger, brighter and better than ever. Will you co-operate by sending us what we ask for gratuitously. Another favor—help boost the circulation of the paper by urging your friends to subscribe.

Send to THE SILENT WORKER,
Trenton, New Jersey

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1880 Incorporated 1900
AN ORGANIZATION FOR THE WELFARE
OF ALL THE DEAF

Objects

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the imposter evil,—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund,—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De L'Epee,—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

Membership

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

Fees and Dues

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50c. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.

Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.

Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

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State Organizer For New Jersey

Through whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life memberships may be made
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THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions:

The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six years nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or a mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address,

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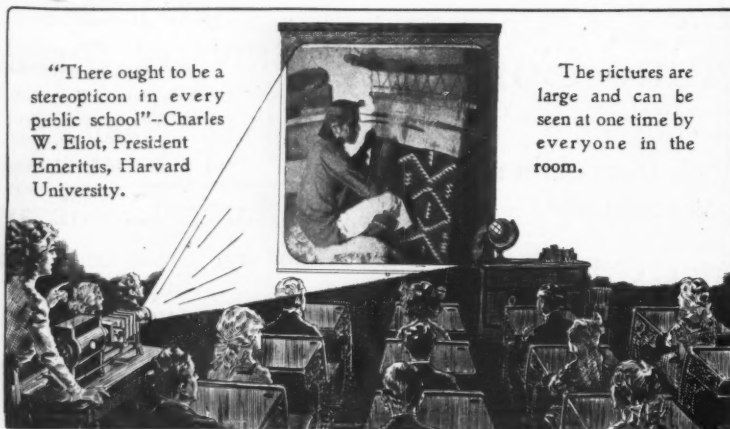
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